Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage to U.S.A. or Abroad 1d.

JOHN BULL

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1924

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

GREATEST FREE HOME INSURANCE

God Save Ireland!

by A. G. Gardiner

By Appointment [redacted] to H.M. the King

Why Millions insist upon Nestlé's Milk

is—they know from experience that it always has the same thick even richness, the sure sign of superior quality. Every tin of Nestlé's is rich, full-cream milk carefully secured at every stage against contamination. It is produced from the milk of selected herds and not from ordinary milk that is surplus to the requirements of the public. The *safest* and most convenient way to take milk on your Summer Holidays is to get

NESTLÉ'S MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

Cash Prices 6d. and 11½d. per tin.

Nestlé's *Swiss* Milk is now sold in collapsible Aluminium tubes at 7½d. per tube. If you cannot obtain these tubes locally, send 7/6 with name and address of your usual Grocer and we will send you 1 dozen direct, and post free.

Imitations never satisfy; demand Nestlé's — always

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.

If unsweetened milk is preferred demand "IDEAL" (The Everyday Milk) Packed by Nestlé's 4½d. and 9d.

IF—

IF your house were to catch fire to-morrow—

IF the boiler were to burst—

IF you were to have an accident in the house or garden—

THINK how you would regret not having signed the forms below. Read through the benefits to which you are entitled under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Home Insurance. They cost you nothing—sign to-day.

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£750—damage by fire.

£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.

£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.

£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.

£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or £250—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees.

£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.

£2 per week maximum total during re-instatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel, or Boarding House.

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 per week up to six weeks for disablement by fracture.

£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

You can post your Coupon for 1d. now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE

J.B., 8/7/22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Cut 1d. stamp. Don't stick envelope. Date ..... A 1d. Policy envelope will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B., 8/7/22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....
Please write clearly.

Date .....

967 Insurance Claims Paid.

JOHN BULL

Greatest FREE Home Insurance.

28 MORE CLAIMS PAID

Total Now 967.

ALTHOUGH "JOHN BULL'S" Greatest Free Home Insurance has only been in force two months a wonderful number of claims has already been paid. Doubtless none of those who have already benefited imagined that they would be actually drawing compensation so soon, but you never can tell. Like a thief in the night fire may come when least expected; or like a bolt from the blue, accident may suddenly befall. Some of these readers were only casual readers of "JOHN BULL," and by the simple act of becoming *registered* readers, they were entitled to these benefits free. If you have not yet signed the coupons on this page, do so now. It costs you nothing to sign—it may cost you a lot to delay.

FIRE.

J. Mum, 24, Bright Street, W. Hartlepool. Damage to furniture and clothing. £8.

Mrs. Myers, 23, Eldon Place, Vauxhall Road, Liverpool. Damage to bedding. £8.

W. F. Hallard, 3, Church End, Tongeford, Sandy, Beds. Damage to clothing and linoleum. £8.

Mrs. M. A. Gerrells, 7, Turley Lane, Queen's Park, Manchester. Damage to furniture. £8.

C. St. Juleux, 2, Twelfth Street, Wheatley Hill, Co. Durham. Damage to bedding. £8.

R. Hatton, 18, Gaythorne Street, Swinton. Damage to clothing. £8.

L. S. Jeffrey, 48, Queen Ann Road, S. Hackney, E. 9. Damage to furnishings. £8 10s.

Mrs. L. Lawrence, 19, Richmond Road, Montpelier, Bristol. Damage to clothing. £8.

Mrs. Davis, 1, York Road, West Hendon, N.W. Damage to clothing. £8.

T. Cocks, 29, Hailstone Road, Swindon. Damage to furnishings. £8.

F. Whittle, 15, Hereford Road, Sneinton Dale, Nottingham. Damage to furnishings. £8.

J. Sutton, 26, Alfreton Road, Oilham. Damage to furnishings. £8.

DAMAGE BY STORM.

E. Rowlands, 4, Cwig Terrace, St. Reginalds Pont, S. Wales. Damage to furnishings. £9 5s.

DAMAGE BY BURST BOILER.

J. Cockerell, 42, Suffolk Place, Portheawl, Glam. Damage to furnishings. £7 5s.

OTHER ACCIDENTS.
£1 PER WEEK.

(Sciatic Tear.)
D. Marshall, 240, Acorn Road, Bromley, Doncaster.

(Injured Arm.)
Mrs. A. Moncorge, 14, Hillside Road, Shankland, Dover.

(Injured Finger.)
T. Mackenzie, 56, Keith Street, Govanhill, Glasgow.

Mrs. A. M. Finnegan, 61, West Street, the Hyde, Lower Edmonton.

(Cut Thumb.)
Mrs. E. Willis, High Street, Linton, Staffs.

(Sprained Foot.)
Mrs. A. Sollitt, 52, Jersey Road, Strood, Rochester.

(Scalded Ankle.)
Miss Blake, 76, Shipley Road, Nelson, Glam.

(Scalded Foot.)
A. Cowton, 22, Brook Street, Wilton.

Mrs. Simson, 17, Tresfield Street, Notting Hill, W. 11.

(Spraining of Forearm.)
R. Wright, 51, Queen Street, Mount Hawke.

(Cut Leg.)
Miss Williams, 4, St. Martin's Street, Stamford.

(Injured Shoulder.)
Mrs. E. J. Sharp, 4, The Green, North Wingfield, Chesterfield.

(Injury to Abdomen.)
T. Bagnall, 11, Eber Street, Burnley.

(Injured Back and Hip.)
S. Penny, The Forge, Granton, near Bridgewater.

To Correct an Error

Last week several claims for fractures were inadvertently placed in the "Home Accidents—£1 per Week" column. These should of course have been included in the £3 per week claims.

Sign NOW!—Forms on this page.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

PREPAID RATE: 8s. PER LINE, AVERAGING 6 WORDS.
MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.
Address: The Advertisement Manager, "JOHN BULL," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

CONFECTIONERY.—Make over 50 per cent. profit. Our Confectionery sells at 2d., 2½d., 3d. per qr. Large variety of 1d. lines, 4/- qr.; Richmond assid. Chocs. 1/- lb.; lemonade pdr., sherbet and ice cream pdr. 9d. lb.; Mixed nut, and buttermilk toff. 5d. lb. Send 42 for monster sample case, retails £4. Money returned if not satisfied.—Lavell's Choc. Works, 71.3, Judd Street, King's Cross.

YOUR Living Guaranteed. Write for free Catalogue and Guide. How to commence in business with £2.—H. Marks (Dept. 9), 51-53, Houndsditch, London, E.1. Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for all kinds of Drapery and Hosiery and Best House for Beginners.

AGENTS WANTED.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Others from 2/6.

BUILD up a Mail-Order Business without buying Stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Enclose stamp to Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levatne, (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

SPARE-TIME MONEY.—For straightforward proposition, write J.B., Charleston, 17, Water Lane, E.C.3.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads from 6/6; 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills, 11/-; Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills at 5/6 1,000. Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples (not a small packet of rubbish) and 700 prices, 2d.—Meads (Room 60), Sandy, Beds. Same address 56 years.

RETAILERS' BARGAINS.

ZEISS Binoculars. Lists free. New or second-hand. All other makes stocked. £10 10s. 8 × central focusing prisms for 69/6. Approx. Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 119, New Bond St., W.1.

CYCLISTS!—The Fitzpatrick new edition of "Highways and Byways" is more interesting than ever. Customers "flabbergasted" at the unthinkable value of "Captain" Cycles! Tyres of first-class quality at staggering prices! Thousands of accessories. Just two words, "Catalogue, please," and this mighty big book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models, post free.—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send to-day for list No. 22/2, post free.—George Adams, 235/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

YOU can save money when buying your Camera. We have all makes, second-hand, at 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. below new prices. Hundreds of second-hand Kodaks. Write for list 16.—Sands Hunter's, 37, Bedford Street, Strand, London. Estd. 1874.

A POSTCARD will bring you price-list and easy terms for Watches, Rings, Cycles, Suits, Raincoats, Boots, Baby Cars, Cutlery, &c., on easy terms from 3/- monthly. Send a postcard to Masters, Ltd., 63, Hope Stores, Rye.

CYCLISTS!—The Biggest and Best Buying Guide published is yours absolutely free. If you want the rock-bottom market secure this Monster 144-page book NOW. Staggering reduction in Cycles, Accessories, and particularly Tyres—all competitors completely surpassed. Just address postcard to Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 59, Padiham, Burnley.

DRESS.

SPORTS WEAR.—Blazers (Nigger Brown or 'Varsity Blue), 25/-; Sports Coats (Grey or Brown Tweeds), 19/6; Flannel Trousers (white) 15/6, (grey) 14/6.—Geo. Weston & Co. (Dept. J.B.), Westo House, Inverness Road, Hounslow, Middlesex. Money back if not satisfied. Write for Art Catalogue, free on request.

REAL HARRIS TWEED from Loom to wearer, 6/- yard. All wool, handmade. Patterns post free.—Mrs. Morrison (Dept. J.B.), Leverburgh, Harris, N.B.

SUIT Lengths and Costume Gabardines. Any length cut. Patts free.—The Bradford Tweed Co., Dept. 10, 1, Manchester Road, Bradford.

GLOVE LEATHER.—Sale price, 2/9 skin. Suede Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for full set of patts.—Catt, Northampton.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

MUSICAL.

MUSIC.—Special advertising offer: 10/- parcel of new Pianoforte Music for 2/6. Money ret. if dissatisfied.—Imperial Mus. Pub. Co., 31, Newman Street, W.1.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambs., South Street, E.C.2.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH, straight from sea. Parcels 4/- upwards. Prime quality, cleaned, carriage paid. Fishmongers and Friers supplied.—Pearl Fish Co., Grimsby.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WINDOW DRESSING.—A highly-paid, artistic, and interesting profession. Postal tuition, low fees. Booklet free.—Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford Street, W.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

LEARN Duttcn's 24-hour Shorthand. Secure speed of 150 words per minute. First lesson free.—Dutton's College, Desk J., 92-3, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1763D), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2.

WHY STAMMER?—All ranks of Society, from Duke to Dustman, have praised my treatment. A 36-page booklet will be sent free to all those seeking genuine cure.—W. Lee Wareing, "Glendene," Anchorsholme, nr. Blackpool.

£100 CHALLENGE, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, etc., positively and permanently cured without operation, rest, drugs, or bandages, by a wonderful new scientific discovery. Instant relief, safe, painless, no experimenting, no relapse, no quackery, failure impossible. A certain cure even if hospitals, specialists, surgeons, and other treatments unsuccessful. Hundreds of sworn testimonials. Sufferers should call or write NOW for copies, Booklet "B," and free sample. Expert male and female attendants. Le Brasseur Surgical Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Head Office—90-92 Worcester Street, Birmingham; Manchester Branch—Princes Chambers, 26, Pall Mall.

HOW to stop Smoking. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. Particulars free.—The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Racton Road, London, S.W.6.

STAMMERING effectually cured by correspondence or personally.—N. H. Mason, 30, Clarendon Villas, Hove, Brighton. Est. 1870.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INEXPENSIVE PRESENTS.—Specially designed Picture Postcard Albums for Kinema Stars, beautifully bound, lettered in gold "My Film Favourites" . . To hold 150 cards, price 1/6; to hold 300, 2/-; all post free.—Pictures, Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SIXTEEN BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAVURE portraits of the most popular Film Favourites. Price complete in handsome Portfolio, 1/2, post free, from Pictures, Ltd., 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Curzon's ½ Price End of Season Sale

30/- SPORTS JACKET for 15/-

THE SPORTS JACKET is made from real first-rate quality Scotch or Yorkshire Tweeds, Cheviots and Homespuns.

30/- MACKINTOSH TRENCH COAT for 15/-

THE MACKINTOSH TRENCH COAT is in a nice fawn shade, full length, double breasted with belt, and guaranteed stormproof.

15/- TROUSERS for 7/6

THE TROUSERS are made both in Grey Flannel and in a large variety of medium and dark Tweed and stripe Trouserings.

(1/- extra for each garment for postage and packing.)

No patterns sent or enquiries answered, but you order on the clear guarantee (backed by JOHN BULL) that money is instantly refunded in full if you are in any way dissatisfied.

These are all our regular lines, but as the season's trade is practically over, we are making a clean sweep of the remainder of our summer stock. The goods are all quite new and sound and in every respect the same as have been sold during the season at the full price.

CURZON BROS., Ltd.

The World's Measure Tailors,

70 & 72, City Rd., London, E.C.1

FILL UP THIS COUPON

T CURZON BROS., LTD.,
The World's Measure Tailors,
70 & 72, City Road, London, E.C.1.

Please send me CARRIAGE PAID on your guarantee:

Tweed Sports Coat	...	...	15/-
Trousers	...	...	8/6
Mac Trench Coat	...	...	15/-

Strike out line not required (if any).

Name .....

Address .....

.....

IMPORTANT.

Please fill in these particulars:

For Sports Coat or Mac Trench Coat:—

My height is .....

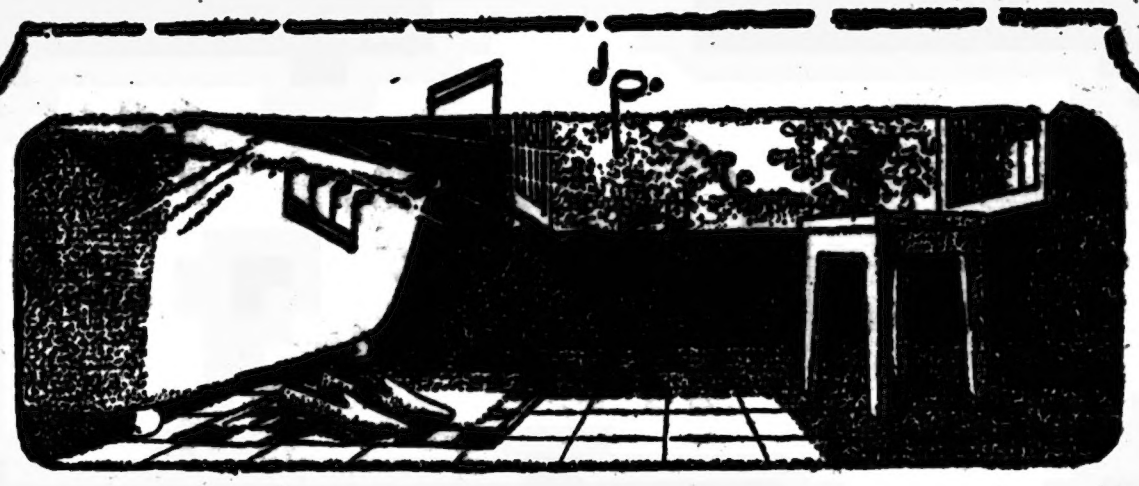
My chest measure (taken over waistcoat) is.....

For Trousers:—

State Flannel or Tweed .....

Length inside leg.....

Waist measure.....



The Revelry of Health.

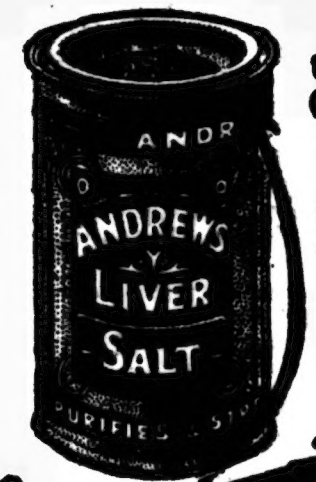
Cheery sounds from the bathroom. Singing . . . or maybe just merry noises. Signs that a fellow feels kindly towards himself and the World. Induced by contact with water, opening of pores, and exhilaration of the nerves, according to cold analytical theory; but really just because he *feels fine*.

Singing in the bathroom is a good sign. It does not depend upon whether the Sun is shining or not, or upon whether the coming day's troubles and worries are foreseen or not. All that matters is . . . *fitness* . . . mostly attained through physical *common-sense* . . .

Moderation . . . not too much work . . . not too much pleasure. Deep breathing, open air, clean living . . . *conservation* rather than *dissipation*. And, if conditions are such as to demand it, the administration, at times, of a *gentle* corrective.

On the shelf, in the bathroom, very many *healthy* folk keep a Tin of Andrews' always. They use it, at times, just to *keep* them fit, preferring to take a really good Saline (rather than drugs) because of its handiness, its effectiveness, its agreeable taste, and its *gentleness*.

Rely upon Andrews' to be the best, because it is the Saline with the *largest Sale in Great Britain*

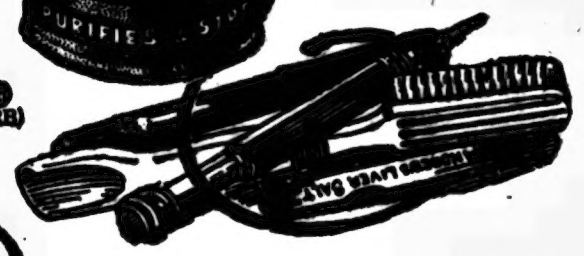


Usual (4-oz.) Size 10d.

Family (8-oz.) Size 1/5

Andrews' is an "all-the-family" corrective. Its occasional use, at the intervals which one's constitution indicates, assists regular functioning without the formation of any "medicine habit."

Andrews' is the aid to the training of children which wise parents administer, to secure for later years the priceless asset of *natural* regularity. And children *like* Andrews'!



Save your Andrews' Lids

You can obtain useful Gifts in return for Andrews' Lids. The Andrews' Self-filling Fountain Pen; or the Combined Tooth-brush, Lid-opener, Scoop-measure, and Stirrer; or the Nickel Propelling Pencil (complete with re-fills); or the Andrews' Pocket Knife, will be sent in return for SIX Lids from the 1/5 size, or TWELVE Lids from the 10d. size. Send Lids with your name and address, saying which of the four gifts you prefer, to:

Scott & Turner, Ltd.,
Gallowgate, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA Friendly Society. Est. 1843.
Profits Divided amongst the Policy Holders.
Claims Paid £16,500,000
Invested Funds... £10,000,000
Annual Income ... £3,500,000
All our Branch Offices and Agents transact National Health Insurance. ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.
Chief Office: ST. ANDREW ST., LONDON, E.C.

Himrod's Asthma Cure
If you suffer from *Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds*. Buy a tin today at your chemists.
4s. 8d. a tin

NORTH WALES
England's Holidayland
For illustrated Guide, post free 2d., write Mr. L. W. Horne, Gen. Supt. Southern Division, L. & N. W. Rly., Euston Station, London, N.W.1.

"The Handiest Knife Cleaner IN THE WORLD."
THE "K.C." TRY ONE!

CLEANS & POLISHES TABLE KNIVES, GULP IRONS, etc., without paste, powder, cloths, or moisture.

POPULAR SIZE 7½d.
LARGER 1/3

Sold by all Leading Ironmongers and Stores
Sole Proprietors: The Non-Choker Heater Co. Ltd. Chapel Street, Salford.

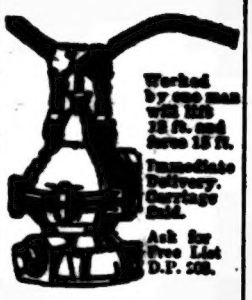
RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS
AN EASY HOME CURE

Why think your case hopeless? "Curicones" the wonderful discovery which has cured thousands will cure you. It not only stops pain, but attacks the root of the mischief, removing the cause, not merely relieving unpleasant symptoms. It cures when every other remedy has failed in cases of:—
RHEUMATISM NEURITIS GOUT LUMBAGO SCIATICA, etc.
Don't delay. Begin to-day. It's so simple—so safe. Treat yourself at home. Waiting won't help you.
Read this:—"I had Rheumatoid Arthritis for over 10 years—was in bed a long time and could not walk. One of my boys sent me a cutting telling of a cure by Curicones. I tried them, and before long was able to throw away my stick—improving daily. I am now cured and can do my own housework." (C.H.)
Do as this lady did and cure yourself.
Send name, address and ailment—we will post you a trial package FREE and an interesting book about "Curicones." Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Dept. E.A.1, 19-21, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD
Write for patterns, post free, of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Flannels, Raincoats, Blankets, Rugs, etc., or Catalogue of Footwear, Wool Goods, Drapery, Ladies' & Children's Clothing, Shetland Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Tea & Dinner Services, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sewing Machines, Cycles, Tyres, Carpets and Lino, Pottery & Appliances, etc. Grand returns.
EASY T. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD TERMS

Bargains in Pumps.
Special Cut-Price Offer. *Thoroughly tested and guaranteed before dispatch*

This pump saves much labour now wasted carrying water, etc. Easily portable (20lbs.); delivers 500 to 600 gals. per hour. Pumps Water Mud, Sewage, Oil or Semi-Liquids. Cast-iron body. No cylinder or barrel to wear out. Chrome leather diaphragm, two 36 in. W.I. Levers. Takes 2 in. tube or hose. Strong armoured suction or delivery hose with G.M. Unions (specially made), supplied in 12 and 20 ft. lengths if required, also galvanised iron strainers with G.M. Unions and Clack Valves.



Worked by one man will lift 28 ft. and force 18 ft.

Immediate Delivery. Carriage Paid.

Ask for Free List D.P. 508.

£3-15-0

PARKER WINDER & ACHURCH, Ltd.
Engineers, Birmingham.

A FAMOUS ACTRESS

and many notable people have gained New Life, and restored Lost Vitality, by the wonderful Thyroid Gland treatment. You can do the same now as expensive injections are no longer necessary. NEW LIFE from "GLANDLETS" "GLANDLETS" bring New Life and Energy to weak, weary, run-down, pallid people. Rejuvenate, invigorate, revitalise either sex—any age.
You can try them *Free for P.C.* Don't delay. Send now. B. Percival Productions, Ltd., St. Albans.

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our No. 620A Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on 28 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33⅓% below shop prices. Write POST CARD for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

MODEL 620
£5 15s CASH

Mead
Cycle Company (Ltd.), (Dep. B697), Birmingham.

Vol. XXXII. No. 840.
Week ending Saturday,
July 8, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9666
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Due to Shock.

On the day on which the Prime Minister announced the willingness of the Government to have a discussion on the Honours List a man in the Strangers' Gallery had a violent fit. Others are anticipated.

Honours Secrets.

Mr. Stanley Holmes, M.P., suggested to Mr. Speaker in the debate that only those should take part who had received them, and that they should tell how they got them. But wouldn't it be as interesting to hear those who hadn't, and why they hadn't? In that case the debate might last a week.

The Wily P.M.

The Prime Minister is using the old wheeze about Parliamentary time whenever any demand is made for discussion. You pay your money and take your choice. Discussion and shorter recess: long holiday and no discussion. What a game!

"A.G.G."

In spite of occasional criticism, we intend to give our readers still larger opportunities of imbibing the sober wisdom of Mr. A. G. Gardiner. His article on the Irish situation in this week's issue is one of the best things he has done.

Taxing the Mourners.

Many poor people who wished to visit Sir Henry Wilson's grave in the crypt of St. Paul's on the second day after the funeral had to turn away when they found that the charge of 6d. had been re-imposed. These were mourners, not sightseers, and this callous demand on their pockets bordered on the indecent.

Coming True.

Last week we said "Watch Bonar Law." We don't wish to say "We told you so," but his intimation to the Government to get out and go under unless they see that Collins governs in Ireland is the first sign of his intention to come back. He won't be a spectator much longer, and he won't rejoin the Government. Watch Bonar Law!

Just a Rumour.

Mr. Taft was in the Gallery at the House for the Irish Debate. Contrary to all rumours, he occupied only *one* seat.

Ambition.

Viscount Grey has re-appeared in the Lords and spoken on Foreign Affairs. His wife is ambitious to be the wife of a Prime Minister. That explains much.

A Labour Plutocrat.

Mr. F. W. Jowett, ex-M.P. for Bradford, has been waxing furious about the idle rich at the Labour Conference at Edinburgh. But who is the Labour M.P. whose car calls regularly for him at the House of Commons?

Naughty Nancy.

Sir Leslie Scott, the Solicitor-General, has written a letter to Lady Astor rebutting her arguments about the Peeressess. He hopes she will be as kind as she is fair and withdraw her charges. Living right up to her reputation, Lady Astor is certain to say "I don't think!"

Good for Guinea Pigs.

A new insurance policy has been invented to indemnify directors of public companies who are negligent in their duty. We imagine that this policy will be very much sought after by the hundreds of directors whose sole concern is to draw their fees.

Shortt-er Time.

The Home Secretary is now hedging on the Summer-Time question, and hints that the proposed Shortt-ening may be modified. We fancy we have helped him to this conclusion, but why not ascertain the public feeling *before* making an announcement, instead of after?

A Father's Loss.

Condolences with Mr. John Burns on the death of his only son, really another victim of the war—which took a heavy toll from our public men. We don't see eye to eye with Honest John, but in his blunt way he has served his generation well, and our sympathies go out to him now.

The Absent P.M.

Other men—other manners. There is a conference at The Hague, but as the P.M. is not there, there are no photographs and no giddy gossip. And yet Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame and Commander Hilton Young are both rising men. But you must rise early to catch the camera man.

Chemical Warfare.

Marshal Foch says that the next war with Germany will be a chemical one. What is our War Office doing about it?

Riling Lord Robert.

Mr. Chamberlain should take a hint from the Solicitor-General and deal politely with Lord Robert Cecil. The silken touch might work wonders.

Bankrupt Minds.

Where were the Wee Frees in the Irish Debate? Neither Mr. Asquith nor Sir Donald Maclean had a word to say. The Party abstained in the division. A Party without ideas won't cut any ice.

The Dotards.

The Die-Hards have no imagination. So long as they are led by ancient M.P.s like Sir Frederick Banbury, Colonel Gretton—affectionately known as "Small Beer"—and certain others, they will remain in their Parliamentary dotage.

Robinson Refuses.

The fact that Sir Joseph Robinson has declined a peerage which ought never to have been offered to him in no way relieves the Government of responsibility in regard to this odious scandal. But the P.M. will be more careful next time. He has had his lesson.

An Urgent Job.

Upon every ground it is high time the Channel Tunnel was commenced. The so-called military objections are all bogey, and the sooner the brass hats at the War Office stand out of the way the better. There are at least a million men in want of work.

The Tenants' Charter.

The Rents Act expires next year. The Government will not face the consequences of its abandonment, and so something will be done to safeguard tenants from exploitation. But why does not the Ministry make its intentions known, and so save the public from a great deal of anxiety?

A Clever Wheeze.

Even if the Chancellor had agreed with the arguments, there would have been no reduction in the Beer Duty. He knows a trick worth two of that. The reduction is reserved for the next Budget. Then the public will have cheap beer to drink the P.M.'s health at the General Election.

Wanted, A Law.

A blind and armless man of Leeds was recently summoned for driving a motor-car without a licence. There was no law to prevent him from driving because of his blindness, but he undertook not to do it again. While admiring the man's courage at the wheel, we think a law should be passed protecting the public from such an obviously dangerous practice.

Manufacturing Criminals.

Mr. Clarke Hall, the Metropolitan Magistrate, is perfectly right when he says that boys leave Borstal, and other institutions of reform, worse than ever. The master criminal, Charles Peace, once stated that had it not been for the fact that he was sent to an Industrial School for a trivial offence when a boy, he would have led a different life. When will the authorities wake up to realities?

A Welsh Battle of Prices.

Pwllheli (Carnarvonshire) Town Council Municipal Supply Committee "sprang a surprise" on its customers, by reducing the price of milk from 6d. to 5d. a quart, and the Milk Vendors' Association promptly replied by cutting their price to 4d. Such "surprises" come rather pleasantly to a public who are daily shocked by the prices they have to pay for other commodities.

Republican Civil Servants.

A good deal of surprise has been expressed that one of Sir Henry Wilson's murderers was an employee of a Government Department. There are dozens, probably hundreds, of Irishmen (and women) in the Civil Service—particularly in the Post Office—who are not only disloyal to the Crown but openly brag about it. They should be made to take an oath of allegiance, or clear out to earn their living in their native land and make way for Britons.

Croydon Spendthrifts.

The Croydon Corporation must be rolling in ratepayers' money when they engage a man from Bristol to collect rents at a salary of £500 a year, although there are scores of local unemployed willing to undertake the job at half the price. Why not provide the collector with a Rolls-Royce to save shoe leather?

Parson and "Pub."

The Rev. Mark Johnson, Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Haverstock Hill, N.W., deserves a pat on the back for his breadth of mind and acumen in personally visiting the public-houses in his parish for the purpose of collecting for the Hospital Sunday Fund. He evidently was aware of the fact that wine—including beer and spirits—which maketh glad the heart of man, also induces to charity.

School Attendance "Frighteners."

We are astonished that the Cumberland Education Committee should descend to the methods of the shady debt collector by using blue paper when sending "cautions" to parents. One such "frightener" before us threatens a poor woman with a penalty of 20s. for every half-day her children are absent from school. The Attendance Officer should have known that these youngsters have no shoes to their feet, and approached the mother in a less bullying fashion.

"No Room" for the Dying.

During the inquest on a little girl who had died through colliding with a motor car at Stanton St. Quintin, Wilts, it transpired that immediately after the accident she was hurried to Chippenham Hospital, where, although obviously very seriously injured, she was refused admission because there was "no room." A juryman asked whether it would have made any difference had she been admitted; but the Coroner ruled the question out of order. We do not think it was. We should like an answer to it.

A Pious Pretext.

The Barking Council, we understand, are closing the children's gymnasia in the public parks on Sundays. The excuse is to observe the Fourth Commandment, and the reason to save the rates. The illustrious Pecksniff has a long line of worthy successors.

Music Hath Charms.

Sunbury-on-Thames has a medico who believes in auto-suggestion, and in whose consulting room is a gramophone which discourses sweet music to the doctor's waiting patients. The idea is not new. Thirty years ago Sequah, a famous travelling quack, was always accompanied by a brass band. The music helped to soothe the nerves of his clients while he was tooth-drawing—and, still more to the point, *it drowned their howls*!

A "Down" on the Little Man.

As pointed out by the Chairman of the Stratford Bench, swell clubs and big commercial concerns are allowed to run sweepstakes with impunity; "but as soon as a little man runs one he gets in trouble." A fine of £5 was the trouble in this instance—for sending out a book of 1s. tickets in "The Leadenhall Eleventh Derby Sweep." The answer is: the little man is easy prey.

Money Suckers.

Working men's wives have been warned by us many times against miserable money-suckers who lay traps for them, but the game still goes merrily on. A Tooting reader sends us a scrap of paper bearing the words "Special Loans to Ladies from £1 upwards," which was thrust into the letter-box as soon as the husband had left the house. Such unprincipled scoundrels should be shunned like the plague.

Afflicted Heroes.

While a host of Pensions officials are comfortably housed in the palatial Clifton Down Hotel at Bristol, drawing £93,000 of the taxpayers' money yearly in salaries, thirty-six unfortunate ex-soldiers, who became mentally unbalanced under the terrible stress of modern warfare remain at Fishponds Asylum in the same category as pauper lunatics. We are not surprised that Bristolians are highly indignant. So are we.

To the Public Peril.

Mr. Forbes Lankester, the West London Magistrate, really should realise that, in perilous times like the present, leniency towards persons convicted of being in unauthorised possession of arms and incendiary bombs in suspicious circumstances is liable to shake the confidence of the public. To fine the man McInerny—father of the suspected Sinn Feiner who was burnt to death at Greenwich when secretly making explosives—so small a sum as £5 for his offence was altogether inadequate.

Courting Couples in Court.

Bromley, Kent, appears to be a danger zone for votaries of Cupid. The farmers in the district regard with chilling disapproval the dalliance of courting couples amid their growing grass and corn. It therefore behoves the love-sick swain, when setting out to "sport with Amaryllis in the shade," to give Bromley a wide berth, else both may find themselves in Court, charged with damage to crops, and liable to fines of 20s. upwards. If they *must* court in the fields, they should go to Catford, where the fines average only 5s. a head.

AS THE OLD COCK CROWS

by CLEMENCE DANE

A GOOD deal has lately been written of the rights of the down-trodden parent and the arrogance of the haughty teacher. The parents, it is claimed, buy the teacher's services, and if they choose to forgo the purchase and give their child "a day off," it is not the teacher's business to object. But the people who think thus commercially of the noblest of all professions forget that in entering their child for a school they at the same time enter into an agreement, unwritten but understood, that they as well as the child should conform to certain conditions.

"If," says the teacher in effect, "you trust your child to me for certain hours daily, I will do my best for him: give him my time, my knowledge, my care, my vitality, probably my prospects of fame and fortune: in a word, devote my life to him and his like. But if in those hours you interfere, I tell you frankly I won't undertake the job!" "What?" cries the parent, outraged, "if I take my boy away now and then, or tell him to do something that breaks your rules, you declare that you can't manage him! You can't be much of a teacher!" And the teacher lifts his hands to heaven and wonders if the parent is really as incapable of reason as he pretends: if it never occurs to him that it is not the question of *one* boy but of five hundred!

You can't concede to Smith and refuse to Jones. If one boy has permission to attend sports in school hours, what is to prevent five hundred having it? And then—where's your school? *That*, dear parent, is why the rule is made, and not to exalt the teacher or flout you. Try teaching a class of fifty boys, each armed at every order with a "Please sir, my father says——!" Try it but once, and you will no longer gird at "arbitrary rules."

For what, after all, is a teacher? The machine paid so much an hour to stuff the little human sausage, or the experienced trainer trusted by busy parents to prepare the next generation for life in a difficult world? The rules by which a merchant runs his shop, or a general his army, may seem arbitrary to the outsider, yet what shop, what army, could exist without them? How then can a school preparing its scholars for a hundred callings, all requiring subordination to a common purpose, "run itself" without discipline?

It is just those parents who refuse to back up the teachers who are first to complain that the youngsters of to-day are "out of hand." When will they realise that "As the old cock crows the young cock learns"?

Harrying the Hawker.

Many unemployed ex-Service men, rather than accept the dole or Poor Law relief, contrive to raise enough money to start as hawkers to the advantage of the poorer class of purchasers. But in Coventry they are barred from those thoroughfares where opportunities for business are best, and fined should they infringe the ukase. This savours of police persecution.

The Quality of Mercy.

Our heart beats in sympathy with the Preston Magistrates whose humanity guided them in binding over Wm. James Clayton, an ex-convict, who when charged with stealing 110 fountain pens, pleaded: "I have made desperate efforts to go straight. For ten years I have played a tin whistle in the street, and I served in Egypt and France." Such mercy, indeed, is twice blessed!

A Just Recorder.

If Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., means that while Recorder of London he intends to punish crimes of violence with more severity than offences against "property" we are entirely with him. We never could understand why the theft of a few pounds should be more heinous than smashing in a woman's face, to mention only one of the public luxuries commonly rewarded with 40s. and costs.

Meanness at Peckham.

A Peckham household advertises in a local paper for a good morning worker; must be quick and clean; 7.30 to 1 o'clock; 8s. weekly. "Can you wonder the women don't fall over each other to get these domestic jobs?" enquires an unemployed girl reader. We don't. And the woman who offers such shabby remuneration ought to be forced by law to do her own dirty work.

Holidays and Hardships.

Once a month, on the day pensions are due, the postal officials at Bathgate, N.B., take a holiday, and refuse to pay out Navy or Army allowances, although the office is open for other business until noon. We do not begrudge civil—or even uncivil—servants a little relaxation, but we see no reason why they should inflict hardship on unemployed ex-Service men. Heroes should not go hungry to make an official holiday.

Rough Justice.

The men of Swansea have an excellent way of dealing with brutes who have lost all sense of decency. Stanley Glover, a steel worker, was seen by some of them assaulting an eleven-year-old girl on the canal side. First of all they pitched him into the water, and when he reached the bank gave him in charge. In sending him to prison for two months, the Bench complimented the men on their action. We in turn compliment the Bench on their commendation.

Leather-Hearted.

Weary with tramping in search of work and faint with hunger, an ex-soldier with twelve years' service asked a shopkeeper on the Dover-Folkestone road for a little bread. A Detective-Constable who was loitering outside promptly arrested him on a charge of begging. At the Dover Police Court the Magistrates humanely discharged the poor fellow, and gave him some money. We hope the lesson was plain to the over-zealous policeman, whose heart seems to be as impenetrable as his boots.

A Job for Portsmouth.

Although the living are in need of houses, there is no reason why the Portsmouth authorities should not provide a decent mortuary for the dead. The present one is so small that people using the adjacent public baths can see the bodies on the floor. This state of affairs is a gross public scandal,

Baneful Beggar.

Men like Henry Kirkby, of Edmonton, do a great deal of injury. Having an Army pension of £2 11s. 3d. a week, he drew in addition 9s. a week from the Guardians. The other day he was arrested by a Police Inspector for begging, his takings being £1 a day. Talk about a good war and a prosperous peace!

In Three Years.

Those of us who can contrive to hold out till 1925 are—according to Judge Rutherford, an American missioner—destined to achieve perfection and live for ever. Let us hope the Judge is right. But the fact that similar prophecies by his predecessor, Pastor Russell, have been falsified by time does not strengthen belief.

Bristol Beasts.

Twenty-one days' imprisonment was all the Bristol Bench could find it in their hearts to award a beastly pair of degenerates found guilty of gross indecency. Seeing that one of them had been advertising in a local paper for a male and female clerk, six months' would have been better—with a taste of the "cat."

Pity for the Pitiless.

Married less than twelve months ago, James Grogan, of Walthamstow, has proved himself a brute, despite the row of war medals he proudly boasts. He persistently ill-used his wife, who worked hard while he stayed at home, and recently vented his wrath on a helpless little child. Six weeks' hard labour is tender treatment of such a monster.

More Senseless Leniency.

Roland Attwell, independent, of Kenilworth Court, Putney, while drunk drove his car into another and refused to produce his licence. He was very violent, and it took three constables to hold him down. Yet the only punishment he received was a fine of three pounds and 10s. 6d. doctor's fees. This is leniency of the worst kind.

Made in America.

Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson is again with us, equipped with a plan of campaign of the finest American design, from all accounts. Why our trans-Atlantic cousins should be so determined to make us "dry" is a puzzle to many; but it possibly is explainable on the lines that people of a certain disposition hate to see others enjoying more happiness and liberty than they do themselves. It is not an admirable trait.

A Man of Many.

The pathetic desire of Mr. Hayday, Labour M.P. for West Nottingham, that £45 should be the income-tax deduction for the first child and £30 for the second and rest of the procession, is easily understood on the revelation that the hon. Member is the proud and precious father of 16 children. Alas for human hopes! As the proposal would cost the State £1,200,000, the Chancellor cannot spare the money even for the encouragement of matrimony.

Ealing and Feeling.

It is all very well for the Ealing Council to express sympathy with local ex-Service tradesmen, but they show very little feeling for them when they force them to vacate their lock-up stalls in Northfield Avenue, and then proceed to demolish those structures—simply, forsooth, because they were erected without the Council's august permission, of which fact the tenants were ignorant. A nominal penalty imposed on the builder would adequately have met the case.

AN INCREDIBLE STORY

by ARNOLD BENNETT

THIS was in a small provincial town where I spent the week-end. There are hundreds of such towns. A beautiful summer afternoon; gentle sun; gentle breeze; beautiful green country around; as good an imitation of summer as you can get in the climate which the Pilgrim Fathers left.

I walked a few hundred yards out of the town; and I saw a football-ground all complete with goal-posts and miniature grand-stand. It was deserted—of course. But side by side with the football-ground was a cricket-ground, all complete with smooth pitch and miniature pavilion. And the cricket-ground also was deserted. And side by side with the cricket-ground were tennis-courts, all complete with nets and lines. And the tennis-courts also were deserted. And side by side with the tennis-courts was a bowling-green. And the bowling-green also was deserted.

And the day was the one whole day of the week when the population devoted itself to repose and distraction from work. And quite half the population—girls in bright frocks and men with fine neckties—was afoot in the dusty roads, strolling aimlessly from nowhere to nowhere, wondering how long it would be to supper-time, and passing and re-passing the deserted cricket-ground and the deserted tennis-courts and the deserted bowling-green.

And with a few exceptions the visible population was visibly stricken with a malady known as boredom. The exceptions sat in modest corners under hedges and, in pairs, held one another by the waist or by the neck or by the hand.

You see, the grounds and courts and green had been produced with public money. And the population had put the entire management of its public affairs into the hands of a small group of persons whom it had freely elected by secret ballot. This small group genuinely represented the population; and on behalf of the population it had decided and ordained that the health-giving and amusement-giving grounds, courts and green should not be used on the one day of the week when the population was entirely free to use them.

I walked perhaps a mile further on and I beheld dozens of individuals, chiefly belonging to the class which manages the public affairs of populations; and, on superb rolling downs, with lovely glimpses of the sea to give variety to the landscape, they were all enthusiastically playing golf.

No one will believe this astounding story. But it is true.

"HONOURING" THE DEAD

Shabby Treatment of Windsor War Widows

IN case there should be other organisations in the country who intend to do honour to those brave lads who made the great sacrifice, we draw their attention to a recent ceremony at the Garrison Church of Holy Trinity, Windsor, and implore them not to follow such a heartless and ignoble example.

The ceremony was the dedication, by a Bishop, of a Reredos to the memory of 14,000 officers and men of the Brigade of Guards who fell in the Great War.

"The Church was crowded," says the local paper, "*special accommodation being reserved for the subscribers.* . . . Amongst those present were . . . *together with many relatives of fallen officers.*" Not a word of relatives of fallen N.C.O.s and Men.

They, poor souls, or at least many of them, stood outside the church, shedding tears of bitterness and sorrow, while their little offspring looked on and wondered why.

Even ex-Guardsmen, anxious to pay tribute to their fallen comrades, were kept outside.

"I wanted to see the unveiling of that memorial," says one widow in anguish, "for the sake of my dear husband and his comrades. But I was refused admission, after all I've lost! I could not help crying.

"I was turned away with many others, while daughters of local tradesmen—who made the occasion one for showing off their new dresses—were admitted because they had contributed sixpence or a shilling towards the cost of the memorial.

"Turned away while local tradespeople, who sacrificed nothing in the war, sat where people like myself should have been!"

True, many of those who were turned away from the morning ceremony were given tickets for the evening service—but that was not the same.

At the close of the evening service the Chaplain was asked why so many widows and relatives had been overlooked for the morning service. The reply ought to be emblazoned across the sky: "Because we only sent tickets to those who subscribed!"

"Imagine my feelings," is the plaint of one of the sufferers; the best man in the world gone for them; my sacrifice and the sacrifice of my children—and to be told that I hadn't subscribed to the cost of the memorial. . . . Hadn't I subscribed enough?"

Cash and honour seem to have strange values in Windsor, and if those who have passed beyond are cognisant of what is happening on earth, the poor widows and children who stood outside the church did not weep alone.

S-O-S AT SEA

Board of Trade's Amazing Attitude

OUR startling exposure of the manner in which wireless "watchers" sleep at their posts while ships in distress are desperately sending out S-O-S signals was swiftly followed by action of a sort—by the Board of Trade.

The Merchant Shipping Advisory Committee have appointed a Special Committee to consider the whole question of safety of life at sea. So far, so good. But the hollowness of any pretension that it will make a thorough investigation is shown by the fact that this Committee comprises representatives of all grades in the personnel of a ship, *except the wireless operators!*

It has been abundantly proved that the greatest possible safeguard for life at sea lies in the provision of an efficient wireless service, and this exclusion of wireless representatives from the Committee can only be taken to mean that the Board are fearful of the exposure of their shocking inactivity.

An attempt has been made in another quarter to belittle the value of wireless as a means of securing succour for ships in distress, and it is suggested that it is not necessarily the duty of a vessel to proceed to the assistance of another which has met with disaster in a fog.

The case of the Laird liner *Rowan*, which was run down and sunk by the s.s. *Clan Malcolm*, after having already been in collision, is cited as an instance of a would-be rescuer actually turning a mishap into a disaster.

Such a suggestion is most misleading. What are the facts of the case?

When the *Rowan* was run into by the *West Canada*, the s.s. *Manchester Brigade* was only twenty miles distant, and could easily have gone to the rescue had the "watcher" on duty picked up the S-O-S, which he failed to do. The "watcher" on the *Clan Malcolm* did not receive the distress signal for the simple reason that he was away from his post. Instead of being in the wireless room, he was on the ship's bridge while the call for help was sounding!

The *Clan Malcolm* crashed into the side of the *Rowan* and crumpled her up like a pasteboard box without anyone on the former vessel being aware that any previous mishap had occurred. Had the S-O-S been picked up, the disaster would no doubt have been averted.

The Master of the *Clan Malcolm* was charged with having failed to have a wireless operator or watcher on duty and was fined £25.

These facts are well within the knowledge of the Board of Trade, and their attitude is thereby rendered all the more amazing.

SILENT SUFFERING

Lonely Woman's Plight

READ the tragedy of a lonely soul!

A frail little woman of forty is sitting in a shop at Hampstead, surrounded by an indescribable assortment of rubbish, hoping throughout the day to sell some article for a few coppers to buy food.

She is starving.

There is not a penny piece in her pocket. Her only friend and companion is "Peter," a decrepit old mongrel dog.

Before youth forsook her and her beauty faded, she earned her living as an actress of small parts, and for ten successive years appeared amid the glamour of the footlights in the pantomimes and drama at Drury Lane.

Little by little her furniture and pictures and all the little knick-knacks which she had collected had to be pawned for food, and at last she was turned out of her home, penniless and friendless.

Her last refuge, the little lock-up shop where she now sits, will shortly be denied her, and there remains nothing but the living death of the workhouse.

She is the daughter of Horace Leonard, a well-known journalist, who died in Fleet Street two years ago, leaving her quite unprovided for.

Life is indeed cruel to many a worthy soul.

EASY COME, EASY GO

The Art of Making Money Fly

THE Development Commissioners, as by Law established, are of a somewhat retiring nature, carefully concealing their individual identity from the vulgar. But we imagine them to be a body of amiable old gentlemen who are pleasantly occupied in being benevolent with the taxpayers' money.

A voluminous Report, published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, discloses the startling fact that during the year 1920-21 the Commissioners disbursed the huge sum of £636,467 in grants and loans.

One of the beneficiaries was the Village Clubs Association—an unofficial body of which the Earl of Shaftesbury is President. One of the declared aims of this Association is that it shall "be self-supporting and free from the elements of patronage."

It is therefore interesting to learn that during the year mentioned the benevolent old gentlemen who comprise the Development Commission helped to assure the Village Clubs Association's self-supporting character by extending their patronage to it to the amount of £5,542!

Village clubs are excellent institutions, no doubt; but their formation is properly a matter for local and individual enterprise, and should not be a charge on the taxpayers.

During the year ending 30th September, 1920, this most generous Commission handed over to the Village Clubs Association an even larger sum—a grant of £7,000 of public money. We should like to see some justification for such expenditure in times like the present.

The benevolence of the Development Commissioners by no means ends here. During the year under review they came to the rescue of the Fishery Board for Scotland, by advancing them the sum of £1,250 for the purpose of "special fish-measuring," and £350 for "a survey of likely ground for the experimental rearing, relaying, and fattening of oysters."

The Development Commissioners would seem to have a particularly warm corner in their hearts or stomachs for the oyster, and are prepared to do much, at the public expense, to bring it to perfection. But their interests extend even beyond this succulent subject.

Ireland received a liberal share of their charity, £13,000 going for the "completion" of the building of a Veterinary Research Laboratory in Dublin, £7,100 to the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, and £1,250 for the "Maintenance of a Limnological laboratory."

It would be as well if the harassed taxpayer gave a little more heed to the activities of the Development Commissioners who dispense so much of his money.

HER REWARD

Ruined by Devotion to Duty

WEEK in, week out, from dusk till dawn, for four years without a break, Nurse Ploughman tended the mentally deficient patients in the Loughborough Guardians' Institution.

Though deprived of normal hours of repose during all that long period of night duty, she continued devotedly at her work.

There came a time when the building was in the hands of painters and decorators, and while they were at work she found it impossible to sleep during the day.

At last she broke down under the strain, and was sent away for two months to recuperate her tired body and jaded nerves.

When she returned she was examined by two doctors, one of whom certified that she was unfitted for her duties by her state of health, while the other declared that she was quite capable and even that they would do her good. The Staffing Committee, however, recommended that she should be given a month's wages in lieu of notice.

Small wonder that Father Colbert, one of the Guardians, protested that it was grossly unfair that she should be discharged in this manner when her ill-health was due to her devotion to duty. The Committee's recommendation was, however, adopted, two women Guardians voting in favour of it. Shame!

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

P.C. JOHN ENGLAND *(to the Duchess of Dishard)*: "Sorry, ma'am—it's off my beat!"

"The Morning Post" is agitating for British intervention in Ireland.

Our Weekly KINEMA

The wings with which John swept the air
And fought the foe and whipped 'em,
Are now, alas! "a sorry pair,"
For someone's gone and clipped 'em!

The German Junkers meant to rise!
And so they will we hope,
For Frits will "raise" them, if he's wise,
On one end of a rope.

"This Bill," my Lord de Noodle cried,
"Will wipe me off the earth;
If Peers are to be qualified
By brains and not by birth!"

When Bill Sikes takes a tent to erase
The work on which he's bent,
It's clear at all events that he's
On burglary "*intent*."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. the EARL OF MIDLETON,
34, Portland Place, W.

MY LORD,—You may have had a perfect right to resent the recent remarks made about you in the *Morning Post*, but the scene you created in the drawing-room of Lady Bathurst, the proprietress of that paper, and the sword and pistol talk which you indulged in later in the House of Lords, have made you appear rather ridiculous. As an ex-Minister, you ought not to be too sensitive of newspaper abuse. It's all part of the game. If I may with all respect advise your Lordship, I should say—keep your hair on! JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. JUSTICE BAILHACHE,
St. Margaret's, Whetstone, N.

M'LUD,—You are known as the "lightning Judge" owing to the fact that you regard a quarter of an hour as sufficient to deal with any ordinary case that comes before you. It seems quick work, but I don't mind your unusual speed, so long as the wrong people are not made to suffer. And as successful appeals against your decisions are very rare, your scorching proclivities do not appear to be dangerous. So carry on! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. F. W. JOWETT,
10, Grantham Terrace, Bradford,

SIR,—Your presidential address to the Labour Party Conference at Edinburgh was just about as blatant a bit of Bolshevism and class-hatred as I have ever heard outside Russia. I am glad to see that your vulgar abuse of Lord Grey, and your anti-nationalism generally, were coldly received by your audience. One such utterance is enough to do incalculable harm to the real Labour Party, which is neither Bolshevist nor anti-national. And I am not surprised to hear that your frantic fulminations are causing a good deal of uneasiness to the more responsible leaders. JOHN BULL.

To ARTHUR LAZARUS,
c.o. His Majesty.

SIR,—Of all the ignoble professions that have ever come to light, yours, which has now been interrupted for five years at the Old Bailey, is surely the most despicable and sordid. Foreign prostitutes who are unmarried are liable on conviction to be deported; it is therefore to their advantage to be able to produce a husband. You went through the marriage ceremony with as many as six of them, took their money and proceeded to live on their earnings. I do not think that a human being could sink much lower, and I am glad to learn that, in spite of your first name, you are a Russian and not an Englishman.

JOHN BULL.

To THOMAS HENRY MOORE,
Marylebone, N.W.

SIR,—The bookmaker is very often an unjustly abused individual, though as a general rule he emerges from his troubles right-side-up with a comfortable bank balance. But in taking betting-slips from schoolchildren you have overstepped the limit. That £10 fine you had to pay was not enough. Adults who bet must be presumed to know what they are about, but to encourage children to gamble is a direct incentive to crime. JOHN BULL.

To JOHN ROBERTSON,
Insch, Aberdeen.

SIR,—The Fiscal at Aberdeen, in sentencing you to three months' imprisonment, described you as "a filthy old man," and I heartily agree with him. You are 70 years of age, and your offence is a series of indecent assaults upon a little girl of seven. Instead of hiding your head in shame, you urged in self-defence that the child had given you "any amount of encouragement." You are not only a filthy old man—you are also a foul old coward. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour JUDGE PARRY,
County Court, Lambeth.

YOUR HONOUR,—When the landlord of Mr. Victor L'Estrange, a public entertainer, applied to you for an Ejectment Order on the ground that he kept tame rats, rabbits, and guinea pigs in connection with his profession, you skilfully elicited the fact that the real object was to treble the rent for a new tenant, and the application was refused. Your common sense and wide knowledge of humanity are revealed in such a judgment, and I wish there were more men on the Bench like you. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. ARMSTRONG SMITH,
Maryland, Letchworth.

DEAR SIR,—I agree with you that there is far too much tittle-tattle in the world, and I applaud your efforts to stop it. You have founded a "Padlock Society," the members of which have to promise to try their utmost never to say an unkind thing about anyone, whether true or untrue. I agree about the untrue, but to suppress unpleasant things that are true does not always commend itself to me. For the rest of your scheme I wish you success, but as you are directly up against human nature, and especially feminine human nature, I doubt very much if you will achieve it. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOE BECKETT,
Waterloo Road, Southampton.

SIR,—The adulation you have received in the ring seems to have turned your head. At the dangerous cross roads at Golders Green the other day, you ignored the signal of the police constable who was regulating the traffic, drove past his extended arm, and narrowly missed colliding with another vehicle. You were called upon to stop, but you took no notice and drove away at a fast pace. This is not the first time you have been convicted of this sort of thing, and I hope you will realise that although you are a dangerous man in the ring, you are not privileged to make yourself dangerous in the road.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. T. B. KAINE, Chairman of Magistrates,
Bishop Auckland.

SIR,—It is constantly my duty to upbraid provincial Benches for the utter indifference they display towards the sufferings of dumb animals. You and your brother Magistrates evidently come into this category. Alec Ross, a hawker, was charged before you with driving a horse and cart so fast that a small pony tethered at the rear was being dragged along and on several occasions nearly fell. A witness said it was "the most confounded piece of cruelty" he had ever seen. Although you complimented the witness for coming forward, you fined the defendant £1 including costs, and evidently thought you had done your duty. In my opinion you shamefully failed in it. JOHN BULL.

Postcard to the Rt. Rev. LORD GASCOYNE-CECIL,
The Palace, Exeter.

MY LORD BISHOP,—Delighted to hear you say that "dances, pleasures, and amusements are absolutely right and proper, if you feel better for them." If you could convert all the other bishops, priests and deacons to your way of thinking, the Church would have a much bigger following. JOHN BULL.

Postcard to SIR EDWARD NICHOLL, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—Your giving the Workhouse children of your native place (Redruth) a trip to the seaside to celebrate the anniversary of your birthday reveals a deeply human trait. May you long be spared to repeat your kindly hospitality!

JOHN BULL.

To-morrow may be the day you wished you had insured with "JOHN BULL."

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

An Inhuman System

SANE thinkers are agreed that it is necessary to punish crime. The only difference of opinion is as to whether the punishment should be retributive or reformatory; whether devised simply as a deterrent, or with the further aim of weaning the offender from his evil courses and putting him in the way of becoming a useful citizen.

It is possible to argue strongly for either of these views, but upon one point there is virtual unanimity among decent people. The senseless inhuman torture of men and women who have broken the law of the land is felt to be an indefensible abuse of the powers of the State, a relic of barbarism for which there is no just excuse.

It was this sentiment that accounted for the wave of protest which swept the country when it became known that the convict Conmy had been put in irons for six months as a punishment for breaking prison bounds, and the Home Secretary, in cancelling this brutal order, has for once correctly interpreted the feeling of the nation. It is the merit of the Conmy case that it focuses public attention upon a very genuine scandal.

Our penal methods, as is conclusively proved by the recent Report of the Prison System Enquiry Committee, are a strange blend of good and evil, in which modern scientific practice exists side by side with the remnants of mediæval savagery. Some of the revelations contained in the Committee's Report are of an appalling kind. The mind is shocked, for instance, by the frequency with which, in spite of all precautions, young prisoners resort to suicide.

The actual figures show that the proportion of persons between the ages of twenty and twenty-five who commit suicide while in prison is nearly five times as great as outside, while the proportion of suicides among prisoners under twenty years of age is at least twelve times as great as among young people of the same age in the general community. Most of these tragedies occur at the wretched Borstal Institutions which from time to time have come under the lash of public criticism.

Originally intended to provide a modified form of imprisonment for juvenile offenders, free from the hardships of the gaol and with special facilities for education and improvement, these Borstal barracks have long ago descended to the common prison level. Unfortunately the pretence of special treatment still imposes upon certain judges and magistrates who are not yet alive to the fact that an award of Borstal detention is tantamount to a sentence of penal servitude.

For example, at the Chelmsford Quarter Sessions last week a girl named Dorothy Baker was sentenced to three years' detention in a Borstal Institution upon a trumpery charge relating to the theft of a handbag, although there was clear evidence that the poor child was so unstable mentally as at times to be quite irresponsible for her actions.

The magistrates, we must charitably assume, were under the delusion that at Borstal this girl in her teens would receive treatment of so gentle a nature as to calm her disordered mind. They may even have desired to make amends for the outrage which had lodged her while on remand in Holloway Prison, where on an average six out of ten of the inmates belong to the sisterhood of the streets.

Be this as it may, the fact remains that this poor bewildered child, whose condition, as several doctors testified, called for special mental treatment, has been practically sent to prison for three years, there to writhe under an iron discipline which may easily drive her mad and to grow to full womanhood amid the coarsening influences of the gaol.

It is hard to know what excuse can be pleaded for such an inhuman travesty of justice. If there is a spark of compassion in his soul, the Home Secretary will at once free Dorothy Baker from the Borstal taint and transfer her to a mental home. Outrages such as these, all too common under our existing penal system, form a black chapter in the long record of "man's inhumanity to man."

Secrecy and Suicide

WE are bound to protest in the strongest terms against the suggestion made last week by Dr. Waldo, a London coroner, that in cases of suicide inquests should be held in camera. In our view this proposal cuts right across the most vital traditions of British justice. Indeed, we hold most strongly that every judicial proceeding, of whatever nature, should be conducted with the largest possible measure of publicity. At all costs we must have daylight in the Courts. It is a priceless safeguard of the lives and liberties of the people.

Moreover, Dr. Waldo's suggestion implies a strange perversion of thought. Who is to decide if the case is one of suicide until the evidence has been heard and a verdict returned by a jury? But let that pass. If every case of suspected suicide is to be followed by a secret inquest, the door will be open to all manner of abuses. A mysterious and unexpected death is of all occurrences that which calls most loudly for the searchlight of public examination. It is possible at any moment that circumstances of a criminal nature may be disclosed, and even where the preliminary indications point to suicide it has happened before now that a coroner's jury has returned a verdict upon the strength of which a man has been placed upon trial for his life.

These circumstances assimilate a coroner's inquest to the likeness of a criminal trial, and if there is one principle of British justice which must be defended at all costs it is that which demands the open trial of offences against the community. If once we sanction the hugger-mugger inquest we shall have introduced into our judicial system an evil principle which may work untold mischief. Corruption and laxity, tyranny and injustice, are the noxious weeds that flourish in darkness. Justice must have light if it is to have life.

The Woes of the Workless

IT is high time we got back to bread and butter politics. The outstanding fact for the consideration of Parliament at the moment, is the inability of a million and a half of the King's subjects to find a job. For these unfortunate men and women there is one problem and one only, and that is to keep body and soul together till better times arrive. Most of them have wives to maintain and little mouths to feed. In the circumstances they can hardly be expected to trouble themselves overmuch concerning, say, the situation in Czecho-Slovakia or the prospects of the Hague Conference. It is work they want.

We feel so strongly that this is the supreme subject of the hour, that we intend shortly to devote a good deal of space to it in our columns. We really must put on our considering caps and see what can be done. Time enough has been wasted, Heaven knows! It was nearly a year ago that a special Cabinet Committee sat to consider the problem and reported upon a wonderful scheme of "credits," which was to transform the situation. But it all ended in hot air.

The fact is, that before the grim problem of unemployment current statesmanship is bankrupt. Even the brilliant resource of the Prime Minister has proved unequal to the occasion. All the Wee Frees have had to say on the subject has merely served to show how "wee" they really and truly are.

The Labour Party has contributed nothing useful to the discussion, its Annual Conference at Edinburgh last week having failed to produce a single practical suggestion. To such laments as that of Mr. F. W. Jowett, who complained that it was "Roses, roses, all the way" for the rich and "Tears all the way" for the poor, the plain man is inclined to answer, "Yes, we know all that, but *what is to be done?*"

It is not practical politics to turn the industrial world upside down, as the Labour Party want us to do, in order to solve the unemployment problem. Revolution will spell ruin. It is a primary axiom of sound economics that the industrial machine can be repaired only while it is going. Stop it and we starve.

Obviously the most admirable social polity is of no use to dead men, and the present generation is not inclined to be martyred for the sake of building a Utopia for posterity. This is the plain commonsense of the situation. The Russian people have tested it by bitter experience, and the grim truth has been burned into their brains. We do not want to try the experiment in this country. What we can do, however, is to profit by Russia's experience and hold at bay the forces of revolution by setting our industrial house in order while there is yet time.

The solution of the unemployment problem is a job which industry as a whole must tackle. The politicians have failed. They are amateurs, and the task is one for experts. It would be a good plan to summon an Industrial Parliament for this single purpose and keep it in perpetual session till wisdom had found a way.

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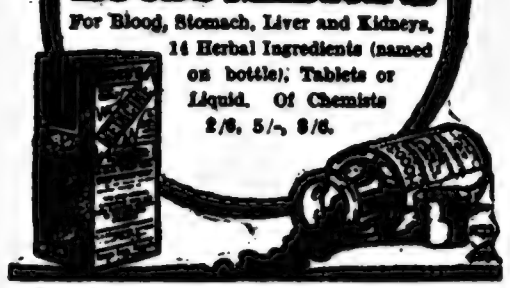

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A FEROCIOUS FEMALE

Savage Stepmother Meets Her Deserts

WHEN, a few months ago, under the heading "Fiendish Woman Goes Scot Free," we exposed the shockingly brutal behaviour of a Southend stepmother towards a little girl six years of age, and protested against the disgraceful action of the Magistrates in allowing her to go unpunished, we pointed out that such misplaced leniency was simply offering encouragement to a repetition of the offence.

On June 20th, the same woman, Ettie Wright, was charged with her husband, Charles Wright, with ill-treating the child Marjorie on June 9th.

Immediately after the publication of our previous article, we received an abusive anonymous letter. Two days later we received a letter in similar handwriting, signed by the husband. In it he declared that the case had been a sore trial to them both, and had resulted in the wife being seriously ill, "through the wicked and utterly false statements made by the witnesses for the prosecution."

The woman also wrote us a letter, in which she said "I admitted punishing the child on the 10th of September, but on no other occasion, as I swore and am still willing to swear on my oath. She has always been quite happy with me, as numerous people could testify. I have never used my fist on any one of the children. Please do not judge me to be the heartless creature you have made me in your paper."

We will leave it to our readers to judge from what now appears.

When the more recent charge was heard, it was stated on behalf of the N.S.P.C.C. that the case was a serious one.

An order was made for the child's removal to the Rochford Infirmary pending proceedings, and while there the Medical Officer found two bruises on her right arm, another on her left, two on the left side of the head, one on the buttock, two on the hip, and one on the left side a short distance above her hip-bone. Both eyes were black, the bridge of the nose was swollen and there was a bruise over the left cheek-bone. In addition to this, her head was verminous and there was a rash on her body.

Asked how the bruises came, Marjorie said that on Thursday night her father thrashed her, and in the morning her "mother" did so also. The child was in a terrified condition and seemed afraid to say how things happened.

From this statement one may judge of the sincerity of the protestations of innocence and affection in the letters quoted above.

It is obvious that for many months this poor child has lived a life of misery at the hands of her brutal father and savage stepmother, and in fining the man 40s. and sending the woman to prison for a month the Magistrates again displayed what we can only regard as unaccountable leniency.

SHORTT MUST GO

Repeated Warnings Continually Ignored

DESPITE the side-stepping and wriggling of Mr. Shortt, he has failed ignominiously in his attempts to cajole public opinion. Whatever he may say to the contrary, we hold him directly responsible for the almost utter disregard of warnings which from time to time have been sent to the Home Office.

So long as he is allowed to hold the position of nominal head of the police force, so long will that body continue to muddle through. Some months ago there was a great flourish of trumpets about the Special Branch at Scotland Yard. This unit, it was rumoured, was to be disbanded. True, some of the personnel were dismissed, and the work distributed among other branches, including the local police.

But the Special Branch is still in existence. A number of highly paid officials are retained doing nothing, and disorganisation is chaotic.

In spite of repeated warnings and reports of his own investigators, some of the most desperate characters of the rebellious I.R.A. have walked about Londo\ like any ordinary citizens and have made use of certain places as headquarters in conjunction with British sympathers, while during the last two months four men have been employed watching a harmless agitator.

We state quite openly that the Home Office was warned of the plot which culminated in a series of outrages in several parts of London last year. The same officials were told of the intentions of the revolutionaries to commit further outrages this year, but the informant was merely sneered at for his trouble.

The ingratitude shown to the men whose duty it is to mix with revolutionaries and keep a check on their activities is revealed by a jagged piece of paper which has come to our hands and upon which is scrawled in pencil: "In consequence of the economy stunt your wages will be cut to 50s. per week from to-day."

This is signed by one of the biggest officials at Scotland Yard. Not only is it proof of bad business methods, but also a glaring example of ill-advised economy. Shortt really must be moved on.

ECONOMISING ON HEROES

Serious Complaints of Pension Cutting

THE Minister of Pensions (Mr. Ian Macpherson) has just issued a booklet lavishly praising what the Government and the Ministry of Pensions have done for the disabled ex-Service man. The following is a characteristic sentence from this official eulogy:—

> The greatest care is taken to treat our pensioners as men and women, and to deal with every application and complaint as humanly, as promptly, and as generously as possible.

One would not therefore expect to find serious complaints that pensions are being cut down—not openly at the direction of the Government, but in underhand fashion by agents of the Pensions Ministry. Yet this is the allegation contained in letters to Members of Parliament.

The method is by reducing the awards of Medical Boards. Assessors employed by the Ministry, though they are not themselves allowed to alter the findings of the Boards, send the documents back to the Chairmen of the Boards with suggestions that the assessments be changed.

The whittling down process is something like this. A man's disability is first declared to be directly due to war service. Then it is found to be merely aggravated by such service. Finally the aggravation is deemed to have disappeared.

The subtleties of medical classification are not appreciated by the average man. It is sufficient for him that we have human derelicts on our hands who would not have been in their present condition but for the war. That should be enough to establish the State's responsibility.

Is Mr. Macpherson misinformed by his officials, or is the Government secretly conniving at a very mean method of reducing its financial liabilities? Economy is an excellent thing, but this sort of economy is unspeakable.

THE HORRORS OF BOHEMIA

A City of Cheap Imitations

by THOMAS BURKE

BOHEMIA is the enchanted country that lies at the foot of the rainbow. It is a land of gaiety and insouciance, with neither laws nor codes to harass us. It is a country that few ever reach, and the farthest from it are our Art-and-Society Bohemians.

Anything more oppressive than an evening at one of our well-conducted night-clubs it would be hard to conceive. It is a pity that the people who run these places could not have taken a few lessons from Moody and Sankey, or Torrey and Alexander. These men knew, at any rate, how to manufacture, if they could not evoke, the spirit of joy and enthusiasm; but some of these institutions cannot even achieve a pasteboard illusion of delight. They are but pale excuses for spending money and sitting up late, and never once does the throb of enthusiasm illuminate them.

There are some people to whom the Chelsea Arts Club Ball is the year's crown of revelry; to whom a supper-and-dance club means a splendid assurance of Brighter London. They go to these places after the theatre, and they say they go to dance.

DANCE! . . . I have witnessed many of these midnight functions, but never yet have I seen man or woman dance. I have seen young men potter across the floor, clasping young girls. I have seen men and women make a sober parade round the room—a stiff, ungainly walk, as of school children at drill, performed with set face and idiotic eye. But dancing I have never seen.

The dance and the ballroom are incompatible. Frenzy and grace cannot live with white ties. Dancing is the expression, by the body, of the joy of life. But no joy is to be found here; only a tepid capering, a smudgy flirtation with joy.

If these people would forsake their dancing-schools, and their rules and their steps, and just dance in the manner of children round a street-organ, we might get some joy into Bohemia.

BUT they won't. Professional Bohemia is as much cluttered with unwritten conventions as any cathedral-city society; and its people, instead of being themselves, are industriously trying to be like each other. All must conform to the prevailing mood and taste, and be gay or eccentric, according to the occasion.

You cannot have Bohemia with an etiquette, a standard of things "done" and "not done," but these places have very strict codes of things forbidden.

I once took to a very Hambone-y night-club a scallywag whom I had picked up in the street, a true Bohemian, who had no code or standard of values for anything; and I was told that my action was *in bad taste!*

As for that famous "art" café, so popular with third-rate artists and actresses, if that is Bohemia I think most people would prefer Muswell Hill. Squalor is its note. The air is thick with smoke and scent. The marble tables carry brown rings of coffee and spillings of beer. The waiters are slack and dispirited and none too well kempt.

HEALTHY animalism finds no expression here. Laughter is seldom heard, and the hilarious "binge" is frowned upon. No note of youthful folly arises; no exuberance. All is considered and deliberate—young people trying to be "different" and invoking the Russian oversoul with thin drinks, and old men being diligently boyish with their pseudo-actresses.

No—the night-club, the carbaret, and Continentalism can never thrive in England, and the assiduous attempts to construct them here are only pitiful. We have our own Bohemia—not in cafés, or clubs, or studios, but in the streets. It lies everywhere about you. The four-ale bar is Bohemia. The suburban monkeys' parade is Bohemia. Hampstead Heath is Bohemia. Lavender Hill on Saturday night is Bohemia.

Bohemia is the country of *joy*—but the night-clubs, the dance-clubs, the midnight cabaret—these are but manufactured *pleasure*—the spurious article passing itself off on a guileless public.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

WE have all heard of the "strong, silent man." He nearly always imposes upon us until we come to grips with him. He inspires awe and keeps us at a respectful distance. But if good (or bad) luck brings us into personal touch with him, we usually find that his so-called strength is merely stubbornness, and that he is silent because he has nothing to say. Still waters may occasionally run deep, but more frequently they consist of rain puddles in the road.

Sir James Craig is a strong, silent man in office; but, unlike many of the same species, he is good-natured and even talkative when free from the cares and worries of State.

He is, of course, quite unlike his predecessor. He hasn't the combative, fiery temperament — the born leader's qualities—that Lord Carson has in a peculiar degree. But if not a great general, he is a magnificent lieutenant. Give him a position already won and he'll hold it to the last man. He won't give an inch of ground to his opponents if he can help it, because he fears they may take an ell.

THAT is really why he was given the Premiership of Northern Ireland. There was no speculation about the appointment. It was a safe thing. He could be trusted to hang on; and, though not brilliant, his good nature and unruffled serenity in debate were felt to be assets at the conference table.

SIR JAMES CRAIG

During the War he was Quarter-master-General to one of the Ulster divisions, and two incidents of those days are so typical of the man that I would like to relate them. They illustrate his calmness no less than his immovability, and prove that it is just as difficult to irritate as it is to influence him.

ANYONE who has spent the day with his ear glued to the telephone, and dealt at the same time with a mass of correspondence, and tried during the process to keep a clear head for the persistent comings and goings of people and messages requiring instant attention, plus the ordinary routine work of an office in full swing—anyone who has done this will have experienced the murderous feeling that rises in the breast each time the telephone bell tinkles.

At the end of one peculiarly distressing day of this nature, Sir James was as cool and collected as if he had been spending the hours alternately dozing and reading in his library; and the only remark he made to his subordinate was: "You might shift the telephone to the other side of the table in the morning. I'll give my *left* ear a turn to-morrow."

ON another occasion a brother-officer was pointing out to him the immense advantages that would result from the adoption of a certain system in the maintenance of supplies. Sir James listened very attentively, nodding his head every now and then to signify comprehension, and occasionally ejaculating such expressions as "admirable," "quite so," "excellent," "of course," etc., etc. When the other had finished, he sat back in his chair with an acquiescent gesture, apparently converted to the idea.

"I'm glad," said the officer, "that you are favourably impressed with the scheme. When will you put it into practice?"

"Never!" promptly returned Sir James, "though I'm very grateful indeed for your lucid explanation."

Ending War

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

CAN we get rid of the men of blood? There seems little hope of it at present, but one never knows. The world is weary of them and their ways; they keep everything in turmoil; stability and security are impossible while their fell activities continue. Killing goes on, and yet more killing, and still more; killing begets killing; the assassin's bullet and the murderer's knife are ever busy.

And yet beyond any doubt the ordinary man wants nothing so much as peace and quietness with opportunity to work and rebuild the fabric of prosperity which war has destroyed. It is only a mad minority anywhere that wants to slay.

It is intolerable that the decent-living majority should be thus harassed and victimised, but until we learn to think and act together the evil will go on. Happily we are finding this out. One of the most promising signs of the times, hardly ever referred to in the Press, is the fact that great multitudes of comparatively unimportant people in all the war-ravaged countries of Europe, including France and Germany, are preparing to hold public demonstrations on the anniversary of the outbreak of the world war eight years ago. These demonstrations are for the purpose of expressing the fixed resolve of the various peoples represented that such an appalling catastrophe shall never be permitted again. "No More War" is all they have to say. On the same anniversary last year, hundreds of thousands of men and women took part in these demonstrations in Germany alone. Let the demonstrators grow into millions in every nation and the end is gained. The world's greatest spiritual achievements are always prepared silently and consummated suddenly.

Fomenters of strife ought to be shut up in lunatic asylums.

SMOOTHING THE SINNER'S PATH

by EARL RUSSELL

THE Divorce Laws of this country are absurd! This incontrovertible statement cannot be made too often. The reasons why they remain absurd are: one, the muddy-mindedness of ecclesiastics whose outlook on life has not progressed since the Council of Trent; two, the incredible folly of those dupes who are organised into opposition to change; three, the supineness of the general public, who are indifferent about divorce while incontinence is easy; four, the cowardice of the Labour Party on this subject.

The Public and the Press have allowed themselves to be stampeded into the idea that there is something discreditable in divorce, and that one should put aside all common sense when discussing it.

Look for a moment at the present actual position in practice. Any man or woman who is willing to commit adultery, or even pretend to have committed adultery, may be free in the minimum time and at the minimum expense. The Church rewards the adulterer with both hands. Respectable people who care about the law, their personal purity, and their reputation, are tied for life however atrocious the circumstances.

Ronald True is a murderer, and has unfortunately escaped hanging; Mrs. True, a young woman, is condemned to celibacy for life. Colonel Rutherford's wife finds herself in the same position.

Every object of marriage set out in the Prayer Book is destroyed by desertion, but there is no remedy. I decline even to speak of judicial separation as a remedy: it is a Roman curse imposed upon this country. If the wife who has run away refuses to be an adulteress, the husband can do nothing.

I ask: why is it discreditable to a husband and wife to fail to agree or to find it impossible to live together? It is a misfortune for which they should be pitied; but, instead, they are both blamed and punished—while your gay and easy adulterer can do what he likes.

Is this the sanctity of the home that the Mothers' Union is always maundering about? Is this the respect for marriage Bishop Furze seeks to give us? "Marriage is a sacred institution, which cannot lightly be attacked without risk to the foundations of society," say the more subtle opponents of divorce with their tongues in their cheek.

I find it is quite impossible to speak calmly about the present state of things; all those members of the community who occupy responsible positions, all those who have good moral characters, and all those who have a care for the ordinances of society and the welfare of the State, are denied relief in this matter of divorce—while it is offered with both hands to the frivolous minded, the loose livers and the worthless.

JOHN BULL is to be congratulated if it takes the lead among the Press of this country in exposing the cant and the mockery of the present dishonest attitude to this important question.

GOD SAVE

by A. G. G[ARDINER]

"HOME Rule has done more in six months to bring peace between the two countries than centuries of force succeeded in doing. To-day the Irish Government is fighting our battle—the battle of mutual friendship and good will. The men who at this moment are fighting the foes in the field are fighting for peace with England. Is not this the strangest thing in history?"

BY the time this article appears it is probable that the Battle of Dublin will have been won and lost. If it ends, as I hope it will end, in the defeat of the rebels and the capture of the Four Courts it will live in history as one of the memorable battles of the world—memorable not for its magnitude, but for its results. I do not mean that the victory of the Free State Government will end the Civil War. I expect to see rebel risings in Cork and elsewhere before all is over. But the capture of the Four Courts will break the back of the movement and turn the tide in favour of the Free State. On the other hand the failure to capture the Four Courts would be the end of the Irish Government. No Government can live with an armed and victorious enemy on its doorstep.

THAT is the issue which is being fought out in the streets of Dublin. The significance of the battle is that it is being waged between Irishmen. This alone makes the event historic. For seven centuries there has been intermittent war in Ireland, but it has been war waged by Englishmen on Irishmen. It has been the war of an alien power seeking to impose its will on the native race. For the first time we are not principals, but spectators of the battle. For the first time not an English soldier is engaged on either side.

That is a new and immensely important fact. It is that fact which every sensible Englishman will desire to preserve. We have left Ireland to the Irish at last. They are fighting out their quarrel among themselves. I am sorry there are so many of them who do not know and welcome freedom when they have got it. But we have no right to complain. We have been making a bear garden of Ireland for seven centuries and cannot reasonably expect it to become a Garden of Eden as soon as we have turned our backs on it. Let us give it time. Let us give it sympathy. Above all let us give it understanding.

THERE are evil councillors in our midst who refuse to give any of these things. They want only one thing—the reconquest of Ireland. They are not satisfied with seven centuries of failure. They want seven centuries more. They want the miserable struggle to go on to the crack of doom. They conceive England as a sort of champion bully who is always thrashing some inferior race into brotherly love. With these infatuated fanatics of force it is idle to argue. Every country is afflicted with its share of them, and when they get hold of the reins they drive to ruin as they have just done in Germany.

But, these wild men apart, I believe there is nothing the English people want less at this time than another war of conquest in Ireland or indeed anywhere else. They want peace. They want work. They want trade and they know war is death to trade. They are content to leave Ireland to settle its own quarrel and to give it time in which to show that it can settle it.

Remember that something is happening in Ireland that has never happened before since Henry II. began those seven futile centuries of conquest. *An Irish Government is fighting Irish rebels to establish a Treaty of Peace with England.* That is the cardinal fact of the civil war that is raging in Ireland. That is the splendid justification of Home Rule.

MICHA[EL]

The concession of Home Rule has done more in six months to bring peace between the two countries than centuries of force succeeded in doing. The Black and Tans turned every Irishman into an enemy of England: the Treaty which grants liberty to Ireland has converted the nation overwhelmingly to friendship with England. To-day the Irish Government is fighting our battle—the battle of mutual friendship and good will.

The first phase of the battle was in the polling booths. There the party of peace with England won an overwhelming victory. The rebels were beaten out of the field. The Irish people declared for the Treaty by an enormous majority and elected a Parliament authorised to sanction and give effect to it. The minority refuse to accept that decision. They are in arms against it. They are no longer rebels against England. They are rebels against constitutional government. They are denying the right of the majority of the Irish people to say under what form of government they wish to live.

It is to establish that right and confirm the Treaty with England that the Irish Government is besieging the rebel headquarters and making war on the rebel movement.

IRELAND!

GARDINER

six months to bring peace between uries of force succeeded in doing. is fighting our battle, the battle Think of it—the Irish people at this ir own household in order to make e triumph of wise statesmanship?"

That is the great thing about this tremendous business on which we should keep our eyes. That is the beam of light in the darkness. Think of it—the Irish people at this moment are fighting the foes in their own household in order to make peace with England. Is not this the triumph of wise statesmanship? How many centuries of Black-and-Tanism would be necessary to bring this miracle about?

COLLINS

Let us cling to this magnificent promise of the future. Let us have sympathy with Ireland in its great agony. Let us remember that its tragic history is due to the policy which this country has now abandoned. Let us make up our minds that, God helping us, we will never again return to that policy. We have got the Irish people with us at last. We have got them with us because we have, after centuries of refusal, conceded to them the liberty they were entitled to and for which, in their circumstances, we should have fought as they have fought. Do not let us lose them again.

We need to look at this great matter with cool minds. We need to know who are our friends and who are our enemies. By our enemies I mean the enemies of peace between England and Ireland. Just as there are rebels in the Free State who are fighting against friendship with England, so there are powerful influences here and in Ulster, moving heaven and earth to prevent our friendship with Ireland.

The Die-hards in the Four Courts are fighting to tear the Peace Treaty to ribbons. The Die-hards in Belfast and in the *Morning Post* are working might and main, also, to tear the Peace Treaty to ribbons. They do not want peace in Ireland; they want eternal war in Ireland. They are our enemies as much as the rebels in the Four Courts are our enemies

I AM not a Catholic and I have no love for the Papacy. I was brought up in the Protestant faith, and I am never likely to desert it for the Catholic faith. But it is because I believe in the liberty of the Protestant faith that my blood boils at the infamous pogrom against the Catholic population of Belfast, which has been carried on for two years and is being continued to-day under the auspices and by the forces of the Ulster Government.

The whole Catholic population of Belfast is living under a terror that recalls the middle-ages. They are driven out of employment by the thousand, and by the ten thousand; their homes are burned over their heads; they are shot down in the streets by the armed hordes of the Ulster Government. The poor wretches retaliate, of course. If you govern by murder what can you expect to reap but murder? But who are to blame but the infamous authors of this savage pogrom?

WHAT is its purpose? It is the same purpose as that of the rebels in the Four Courts. It is to destroy the Treaty. It is to make peace with Ireland impossible. It is to drag this country once more into a war of conquest in Ireland. Let us take care that this criminal plot does not succeed. Let us remember that the enemies of peace are not only in the Four Courts at Dublin, but in the Parliament House at Belfast.

I HAD written so far when the news reached me that the Four Courts had fallen. It is a great event in Irish history—perhaps as momentous an event as the fall of the Bastille was in French history. But the Irish rebellion is not over because the Four Courts has fallen, any more than the French Revolution was over because the Bastille had fallen. The rebels are numerous, organised and resolute. They are fighting for an ideal for which they are ready to give their lives, and a cause inspired by that spirit cannot be easily overcome. It will be the more difficult to overcome because the Free State leaders wish to avoid unnecessary bloodshed. They are wise not to stain their cause and embitter the future by ruthlessness, and though the task may be longer in consequence, it will be better done and the foundations of peace more securely laid.

In the meantime, the best service we can render to Ireland in her travail is silence. We have done enough harm there, and now that we have taken our hands off, let us keep them off. The Free State will win through if left alone, and when it has consummated its victory peace between England and Ireland will be accomplished, and the oldest enmity extant will have become a memory of the centuries.

WHAT FRANCE THINKS

by "PERTINAX"

The most eminent and best-informed of French political writers clearly expounds the attitude of France towards European affairs

ALL those who speak in such a loud voice about the 132 milliard of gold marks France has claimed from Germany ought at least to pause a minute and to remember the fact that out of that amount no less than 82 milliard gold marks are represented by bonds which do not bear any interest, for which no sinking fund has been provided and which Germany is obliged to redeem only when her resources enable her to do it.

The actual value of such bonds on the money market is very small indeed, and, as a matter of fact, their chief usefulness will probably be to be employed as a *quid pro quo* in the eventual negotiations concerning the settlement of inter-Allied indebtedness.

It is emphasised that the 132 milliard gold marks Germany is being called upon to pay (theoretically at least) are really blocking the channels of commerce.

I should beg all the business men who may happen to listen to such an argument to realise that Germany, deprived as she is of public debt (her own internal public debt has been practically wiped out owing to the extreme depreciation of the mark) would prove a still more formidable competitor on the world market were she, in addition, to be relieved of the burden of the war indemnity.

On the whole France and England will agree or disagree according to what their attitude will be towards Germany and Germanism.

To begin with, most Frenchmen consistently believe that a great people like the Germans will inevitably set themselves to the task of preparing their revenge, of overthrowing the whole of the Versailles Treaty, directly they feel they are no longer kept in order by an array of superior forces, both economic and military.

As opposed to such a conception, there is all over England a strong tendency to consider that a liberal, a peaceful Germany is already in existence, that the German revolution in fact implied a break with a pact of Imperialism and European domination—and that, provided the Versailles Treaty be sufficiently amended in keeping with the German wishes, liberal and peaceful Germany will assert herself more and more.

We French consider such a theory absolutely unwarranted by past experience, and we decline to stake anything on its success. We contend that all the non-German nations in Central and Eastern Europe must be given a chance to organise themselves on a permanent basis outside the political, the economic, and the military sway of Germanism. That means, in fact, that they must be backed and supported very energetically during a period of twenty or twenty-five years.

A FOOT IN BOTH CAMPS

Government Supporter of the "Red Mass"

IN these disturbed and threatening days it is of vital importance that all Government servants should be absolutely above suspicion as to their loyalty to the Crown and Constitution. Flirting with anything in the shape of revolution on the part of an individual employed in any of the State Departments must not be tolerated for one moment.

It is for these reasons that we deem it our duty to draw public attention to the fact that Mr. E. E. Beare, Secretary to the Government Hospitality Fund, King Charles Street, Westminster, is closely associated with the Rev. Conrad Le Despenser Noel, Vicar of Thaxted, Essex, whose church has become notorious as the centre of the Communist "Catholic" crusade—a revolutionary movement which we exposed in our issue of 17th June.

It will be recalled that disgraceful scenes have taken place at the church mentioned in consequence of the Vicar's insistence on flying the blood-red flag of Bolshevism over the sacred edifice, and of his advocacy of the subversion of all law and order by means which include industrial revolution.

That a Government official should associate himself with such a "priest" and such a movement is a matter for serious concern to all who have at heart the integrity of the British Empire and the maintenance of a settled order of society.

Mr. Beare has a cottage at Thaxted, and on his own admission is on very friendly terms with the Rev. Conrad Noel. That he is in sympathy with that cleric's dangerously revolutionary views he does not trouble to deny, but claims that out of respect for the rule which forbids Civil Servants taking an active part in any political movement against the established Government he has refrained from publicly assisting the Rev. Mr. Noel in his "crusade."

We do not think Mr. Beare can justify his claim to neutrality. It is within our knowledge that during his stay in Genoa in connection with the abortive Conference, there was held at Thaxted a Parochial Church Council Election, and voting papers were sent out to him, which he returned in time for the poll.

The whole of the 20 votes to which he and his family were entitled were recorded in favour of the Vicar's candidates—all of whom were pledged to support that revolutionary priest in all matters, including that of the Sinn Fein and Bolshevist flags.

A public servant who can reconcile it with his conscience to accept Government pay, and at the same time associate himself, even privately, with any revolutionary movement, is entitled to distrust.

WEARY OF THE WARDS

Wholesale Resignations of Hospital Nurses

HOSPITALS and nursing institutions all over the country are at the present moment suffering from an acute shortage of trained nurses.

In one London hospital over forty nurses recently handed in their resignations.

The reasons for this widespread desire to withdraw from what has always been regarded as a noble profession are not far to seek.

These women have become weary of the needlessly onerous conditions of their employment and the niggardly remuneration which they receive.

A fully trained nurse has to spend at least three years qualifying herself for the position. During that period she has to perform all sorts of menial tasks that are really no part of a nurse's duties at all. If she is strong and healthy both physically and mentally, she becomes inured to her lot, but almost invariably resolves to advise all her friends not to think of taking up nursing.

During her probation she has to study hard and pass several examinations, and when qualified she may obtain an appointment worth £50 or £60 a year.

Her hours of work are never less than 57 a week, often very much more. In the Metropolitan Asylums Board infectious hospitals she commences duty at 8 a.m. and is not free until twelve hours later. If she goes out then she must be back in the hospital not later than 10 p.m.

There has never been an oversupply of nurses since the war, for women learned then the arduous nature of the work. The restrictions on a nurse's freedom make the lot of a typist or business girl an enviable one by comparison.

A nurse may not go out of an infectious hospital without first washing her hair and completely changing her clothing, nor may she take out any parcel until it has been inspected by the matron and disinfected.

The lot of a nurse in a private institution is in many respects worse. After spending at least £50 in order to qualify as a midwife, she will rarely obtain more than £65 a year at a nursing home.

Fees of twenty, thirty, or even forty guineas weekly are paid by wealthy patients at fashionable private institutions, and in many instances the skilled nurse in attendance on the case is drawing only £1 a week.

It is small wonder that the nursing profession is falling into disfavour with women who would willingly devote their lives to the service of humanity if they could only be assured that they themselves would be treated as human beings.

PORT OF LONDON PAY

Employees' Grievance

IT seems to us that certain employees of the Port of London Authority have some very real grievances with respect to their pay and conditions of work.

Dissatisfaction and a sense of injury do not make for efficiency.

One of the chief complaints of the younger members of the staff is the retention in the service of the P.L.A. of members who have reached the pensionable age of from 60 to 65 years, to the detriment of those who are awaiting, and worthy of, promotion.

Then there is discontent arising from the fact that officers employed at the Authority's Head Office are furnished with first-class travel tickets, whereas second-class fares only are provided for officers of the Dock Warehouse Managers' Division—a manifestly unfair discrimination.

The Division last mentioned has a far more serious grievance in regard to the salaries paid them as compared with those received by their colleagues at the Head Office, whose work, on the whole, is lighter.

One example must suffice. A 1st Class clerk employed in the Dock Warehouse Managers' Division draws £290 per annum: a 1st Class clerk at the Head Office receives £460—a difference that nothing seems to justify.

More must be heard of this matter.

TAUGHT AMIDST FILTH

Shocking State of Rural Schools

IF there is any time in the life of a child when it is of supreme importance to inculcate habits of cleanliness and modesty, it is during his infant years at school.

That is his most impressionable age.

There are, however, schools in rural areas where the sanitary equipment is of a most primitive order—so much so indeed as to make cleanliness impossible and to infringe the simplest canons of decency.

At one such school there are 10 adult teachers and 351 children; and it is utterly astounding that the local sanitary authorities permit such an appalling state of affairs to exist.

The subject is an unsavoury one, but the interests of the children living in remote country districts demand that we should deal with it. We may, indeed, go so far as to say that the most vital interests of the country as a whole demand it; for it is from the country-bred that the busy centres of industry recruit, in many instances, their most intelligent and robust citizens, and the defensive services the larger proportion of their rank and file and lower ratings.

If the town's supply of brain and brawn is contaminated at the source, the ultimate result may be imagined.

We could publish an extended catalogue of country schools in Wales, Hertfordshire, West Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Northants, Cumberland, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Cheshire and Bucks, where sanitary conditions, similar to those hinted at above, prevail; but consider that we have drawn a sufficiently vivid picture of the atrocious circumstances in which thousands of young children in England and Wales are acquiring the rudiments of their education.

The peril lies in what they are acquiring in addition—germs of disease and a disregard for cleanliness and decency.

In no case are the teachers to blame. The fault lies in the reprehensible neglect of the Educational Authorities in failing to provide the necessary funds for the proper upkeep of the "provided" schools, and in the sheer inability of the religious organisations to find the money needed for the "unprovided" class.

Moreover, the educational equipment at most of the schools to which we have referred is deplorably insufficient, and the little which does exist is so bad as to defy description.

In both these urgent matters—school sanitation and equipment—something must be done, and that quickly.

NOTHING FOR MONEY

Beware of Baxter's Bait.

THERE appeared in a London newspaper some days ago an advertisement inviting young men—"distance no object"—to send a stamped envelope to Messrs. J. Baxter & Co., at 2, Beckenham Lane, High Street, Bromley, for particulars of a "remarkable offer," which might prove to be to their financial advantage.

An applicant who did so obtained in reply a persuasive circular stating that on receipt of a postal order for £1, they would send instructions how to make £50 within one month, and a further £3 per week if desired.

The £1 was sent.

The rest was silence.

We do not suppose that Messrs. Baxter & Co. disdained to cash the postal order, but they certainly omitted to put themselves to the trouble of acknowledging it. Consequently, we sought out 2, Beckenham Lane, High Street, Bromley, and found it to be a humble registry office for servants, where a young man calling himself James Baxter had arranged for his letters to be received.

From this address Baxter has sometimes taken away as many as a hundred letters at a time. If they each contained £1, he has evolved an even better money-making scheme than that he pretends to offer his clients and at the mere cost of the advt.

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"CHRISTIAN NOVELS LIBRARY":—"Had she not HEARD with her own LIPS that Hamilton loved her?"

"WEEKLY RECORD":—"No Short SKIRTS. POSTMEN are to wear their clothes LONGER. This is one of the effects of the Geddes CUT."

"BOURNEMOUTH EVENING ECHO" (advertisement):—"BUNGALOW, THREE MILES SQUARE, with or without acre land."

"ROVER":—"If you have EATEN the pie I would advise you to HAND IT OVER without any more nonsense."

"MORTLAKE HERALD":—"He had NOT SEEN A DOCTOR SINCE 1908 . . . DR. ——— deposed that he had ATTENDED DECEASED FOR THE PAST EIGHT YEARS."

"BUXTON ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—"WANTED, A GOOD WASH by experienced Person."

"EVENING STANDARD": "The body of a man . . . has been FOUND in the Augusty Mountains, COMPLETELY DEVOURED BY VULTURES."

"EVENING NEWS" (advertisement): "LADY and MAID. SUPERBLY DECORATED FIT TO RENT, ELECTRIC LIGHT, COMPACT."

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

"ALLOW me to introduce myself," remarked the Impertinent Interviewer. "My name is Bertie Bull and I——"

"Any relation to John?" inquired Lord Birkenhead.

"Er—yes; a sort of—er——"

"Have a cigar then!"

He watched Bertie select a weed about 18½ inches long. "I don't smoke myself," observed the Lord Chancellor, gloomily lighting a cigarette. "Doctor's orders. However, what can I do for you?"

"It is not what you can do for me, but what you have done to Lady Rhondda," replied the Interviewer. "A few months ago we thought the House of Lords was going to become M'Lady's Chamber, but now you've put the khybosh on the idea. Don't you think that, what with the jolly old Sex Disqualification Act and women sitting on juries and in the House of Commons——".

"Don't mention that dreadful place," remarked the Lord Chancellor with a shudder. "It reminds me of my past, which I'm trying to forget. I've changed my name and assumed a wig by way of disguise."

"And it suits you very well, sir—just fits your size in intellect, so to speak; but there are ladies, too, who have a fondness for wigs, and some who would like to try on that ravishing dress you wear on the Woolsack, but if you won't allow them in the House the scheme's a wash-out."

"Well, I consider I acted most chivalrously," said Lord Birkenhead, "in refusing to allow the House to become what my friend Churchill, in one of his crude attempts at humour, might call a 'Rhonddavous' for peeresses. I'm sure they would be disappointed with the House of Review, which is not nearly so attractive as certain other houses of revue. As for the Woolsack, it may be a bed of roses, but I sometimes feel that I'm sitting on the thorns."

"Yes; but when every Smith, Brown and Robinson can take his seat——"

Bertie stopped suddenly, observing the glint of battle in Lord Birkenhead's eye. "No reflection on the Smiths, sir," he hastened to assure him, "though I won't say the same about all the Robinsons, especially the South African one. What I mean is that if any man who pays the market price for a coronet can drop in for a snooze on the jolly old crimson benches, why can't a 'Lady' in her own right do the same?"

"My dear sir, consider my position," urged his lordship. "As guardian of wards in Chancery, I might refuse my consent to the marriage of a young lady who was a peeress in her own right, and she could then come to the House of Lords and introduce a Bill to legalise the marriage of minors, After all, Lady Rhondda can console herself with the reflection that 'Kind hearts are more than coronets.'"

"But not more than Coronas!" murmured the Interviewer.

"No, damn it!" exclaimed his lordship. "Between you and me, Bertie, if it hadn't been for that confounded doctor stopping my cigars, I believe—well, if I had had a Corona in my mouth at the time, I might have delivered an entirely different judgment!"

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A. H. S. (Tandragee), £10; G. M. P. (Jersey), 10s.; Mrs. S. (Colne), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. (Hove), 1s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 3667," 2s. 6d.; "Gratias Deo," 5s.; "Uncle Bill," 6d.; W. G. G., 1s.; T. M. (Wadebridge), 1s.; "In Remembrance of Our Prince's Birthday," 2s.; B. H. C. (Bowerby Bridge), 2s.; "Silver Badge," 2s.; "Tom," 1s.; "Coon," 2s. 6d.; S. L. (Catford), 6d.; "Stumps," 5s.; T. C. H. (Bristol), 3s. 3d.; "Borders," 3s.; "W," £1; "A Wellwisher" (Wembley Hill), 3s.; G. W. (Eastbourne), 5s.; "Hamish," 1s.; F. B. (Sidcup), £1; "Done Brown," 5s.; W. O., 1s.; M. J. S. (Wouldham), £1; Pte. A. (Dover), 3½d.; E. M. H., 2s. 6d.; W. A. C. (Lowestoft), 2s. 6d.; "Six N.M.L.A. Girls" (Cardiff), 5s.; Mrs. B. and Mrs. A. E. H., parcels; G. G. (Winchester), 4s.; "A Friend," 1s.; Mrs. H., 1s. and parcel; Mrs. S., parcel.

NO working expenses are deducted from subscriptions to this fund, all outgoings being gladly provided by us. Every penny we receive is devoted to the purpose for which it is sent, and is distributed under the supervision of an honorary Committee. The accounts are regularly audited by an eminent firm of Chartered Accountants, whose certificate is open to the inspection of any subscriber. Help us to help those in distress.

Your Children Starving?

YOU cannot shut your eyes to the misfortunes of your fellows and pretend that their misery is no concern of yours. You have to help, if you can help. You may not be having the very best of times yourself, but it is quite on the cards that you could be having much worse, and you might be glad of a little help yourself on some future occasion. We hope, most sincerely, that you won't. The finest insurance against bad luck is to help the people who are worse off than yourself.

Every day there come into JOHN BULL office a dozen urgent appeals for help, mostly from ex-Service men—the men who exposed their breasts to the storm which threatened your very existence in 1914-1918. Generally their needs are very modest—and we can, with the assistance of our generous readers, help them tide over the danger-time.

Every penny we receive for our "Greatest of These" fund goes to the people for whom it is intended. We do not deduct anything whatsoever. The man who administers the fund regards his duty as a sacred one, and no other member of JOHN BULL staff handles a penny or so much as signs a cheque.

We have a lot of really deserving cases which call for immediate alleviation, and we want *you* to realise that even a shilling postal order will be gratefully accepted. Your shilling may buy milk for a starved baby—isn't it worth while? Some of us who never know what it means to be hungry, would swoon with horror at the thought that to-morrow circumstances might leave our little children at the mercy of the world—leave them to grow wan and wistful, praying for the food that does not come.

Few of the people we help ever dreamt that they would come to their present position. Once they had money and good homes: all that they wanted to eat and drink, with perhaps plenty of money to spare for their recreations. To-day they are begging a few shillings to bury their starved children.

They come to us, or write to us, every day with their stories of sadness and sorrow. The haggard looking faces and threadbare clothes tell their own story. Many of them look forward to the morrow with a gleam of hope; others, inured to suffering and starvation, almost hoping that the sun will never rise again on their miserable lives.

We don't want you to make any great sacrifice. We want the shilling or so that you won't miss. Send it to the "Greatest of These" Fund, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

A bargain indeed!

East Sandling Camp, Hythe. 11/6 22.

"I really think my 'JOHN BULL' Pen the best pen I ever had; it is a real bargain at the price; I have had none to compare with this one.—H.F.D.

JOHN BULL

Pen Coupon, Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon, with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 3/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 EXTRA.

Address: Pen Dept., 'John Bull,' Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.

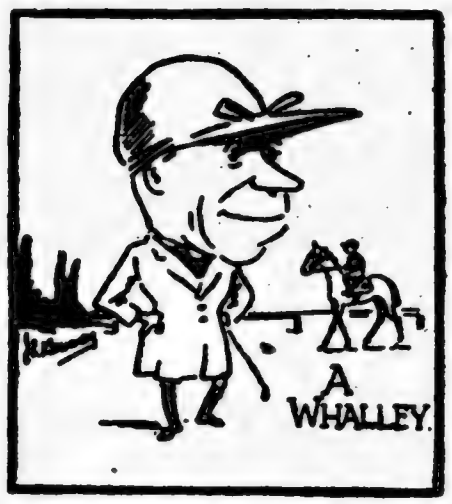
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib.

J.B. 8.7.22.

Worth 10/6

OVER TWO MILLION IN USE. SEND TO-DAY.

Turf Notes & Selections



THERE was a time when the presence of the racing rank and file at Newmarket, if not actually resented, was certainly not encouraged, except perhaps on Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire days. The July fixtures, in particular, were apparently dedicated to the patricians and picnickers. But of late years—during and since the War, in fact—things have changed.

Really, Newmarket is becoming quite democratic. Important and appreciated improvements have recently been effected in the "ensemble," and there is a general atmosphere of modernity about the Turf headquarters. All of which is as it should be, as Newmarket stands pre-eminent as a venue for racing.

LESSONS OF NEWMARKET.

It isn't often that the best colt and filly of a given age are in one and the same stable; but it is quite likely that R. C. Dawson has charge of the two best juveniles of both sexes in Legality and Cos respectively. Both were seen out at Newmarket last week and both gave impressive displays. Of course, Legality has yet to meet Pharos and other of the top-sawyers of the masculine gender, while Cos has so far steered clear of Suryakumari.

But the Whatcombe champions have given evidence that they will have to be treated respectfully in the very best of company. The present is a vintage year for Dawson in the matter of two-year-olds, as Legality and Cos are only the best of many good ones in the stable. Whalley (whose sketch appears elsewhere on this page) rode a colt in Cos' race that should make its mark, namely, Inkerman, a son of Invincible and Elizabetta.

The Royal Hunt Cup form worked out fairly well in the Duke of Cambridge Handicap last week, and those who asserted that Stratford was unlucky to be beaten by Varzy felt more than ever sure on the point when he again easily defeated those that finished behind him a fortnight previously. I fancy that more than one of the Hunt Cup horses will win good races, and Crubenmore can, I imagine, safely be included among these.

MILLS, the Method Man

MILLS, the Magician!!

SCORING BIG DOUBLE EVENTS.

LUCENTIO won 20-1 LUCENTIO won 20-1
LUCENTIO won 20-1 LUCENTIO won 20-1
and
GOLDEN MESH won
GOLDEN MESH won

Following this Double Event
ELLAND FILLY won 5-2
ELLAND FILLY won 5-2

Other recent winners were—
ZOOMP WON 6 to 1. LADY JUROR WON 8 to 1.
PRIMO HEATH WON 9 to 4. KILLEEN WON 7 to 4.
ANOTHER RECENT DOUBLE EVENT was
WARRINGTON WON 100 to 8 and
HAZEL HAY WON 4 to 1.

Also the Royal Hunt Cup winner
VARZY won 20-1 VARZY won 20-1
and the same day FEED POWER WON 7 to 1 and POISONED ARROW WON 8 to 1,
which followed, the day before, SNAKE WON 10 to 1.
THE ABOVE RESULTS APPEAR UNBELIEVABLE

Not only were the above winners proofed to all sporting papers before racing, but we can refer to many subscribers to our wires who received the above winner. Since June the above winners were sent to my clients, including:—
CHATTY TALES (won 9-1). PETER PAX (won 5-1). VESUVIUS (won 10-1).
LINDY (won 100-8). CILIATA (won 8-1).
FOLLOW THE MAN IN FORM THESE: POST 20s. AT ONCE
and you will receive five wires—THE GOODS—and leave the rest to MARSHALL MILLS.

GREAT SPECIAL OFFER!

Mills knows of another Big Winner that has simply been pitchforked into its race according to what he has heard and it will be another 10 to 1 winner. There is plenty of time for you to send for this winner: it is in

THE WARREN HANDICAP ON SATURDAY, JULY 15th, AT SANDOWN PARK.

but get your order off now—at once, or you might miss it. Have a good bet and

GET YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY EXPENSES.

The usual price for these big pre arranged large-priced surprise winners is £1 each but Marshall Mills will, as a huge advertisement, send full particulars upon receipt of
TWO SHILLINGS AND STAMPED ADDRESSED
and the promise of the odds to 5/- after it has won.

Those sportsmen who wish to join Marshall Mills list of regular clients for his occasional Big Jobs on "Mutual Terms," should post 20/- and promise the odds to 5/- each winner advised. Do that if you can but in no case miss the above great offer. ACT AT ONCE.

M.LLS, the Method Man. MILLS, the Magician.

Please note only address.

MARSHALL MILLS
(Dept. J.B.), 48, Hardy St., Newland, nr. HULL.

SPORT and

Conducted by MORLEY BROWN

LEIGHTON AGAIN!

Perhaps even Leighton will do something worthy of his inflated reputation, though the majority of his old friends are beginning to lose faith in him. As I have said before, a rest until the autumn would do Leighton no end of good. On the other hand INVERGARRY should score before the summer is much more advanced, and readers might do worse than make a note of the filly in the Lingfield Park Stakes on Friday. Another possible winner on the same day is MIZZEN MAST, who is engaged in the Summer Handicap, run over two miles.

SUCCESSES OF SU SU.

They do not harbour many good horses in the North these days, but the two-year-old filly Su Su appears to be one of the exceptions that prove the rule. Su Su has now won five races, and has yet to sustain her first reverse. It may be argued that she has not met the best of her age, but she would not lack support if she were in opposition to the Southern "cracks." She is an excellent advertisement for her sire, Kwang-Su, who was only just beaten in one of the substitute Derbies during the war. Su Su is engaged in the Prince of Wales' Plate at Pontefract to-morrow, and though she has earned the full penalty she will again go close if saddled.

THE WEEK'S MEETINGS.

There is plenty of racing during the remainder of the week. The Ribury Club meeting, which commenced yesterday (Tuesday) is continued to-day and to-morrow, when it clashes with Pontefract. On the two final afternoons of the week Lingfield and Haydock Park share the bill. Below will be found a summary of selections:—

Back it Each Way
LORD PENZANCE
Next Time Out.

SALISBURY: Wednesday—Cherry Brandy Tom Powrie, North Waltham, Troika, Kepplestone, Gavotte.
SALISBURY: Thursday—First Turn F., Annam, Mardina, Landorf, Pretty, Poor Tom.
PONTEFRACT: Wednesday — Prevail, Star of Blyth, Roi Du Ciel, Montcalm, Impetuous, Carpathus.
PONTEFRACT: Thursday—Sheffield Lane Su Su, Peribiae, Iron Hand, Lord Penzance, Rhino Bird.
LINGFIELD: Friday—Dr. Nicol, Ariane, Mizzen Mast, Invergarry, Carlam, Everywoman C.
LINGFIELD: Saturday—Standfast, Lost Ball, Cos, Lucky Prince, Golcar.
HAYDOCK PARK: Friday—Bell's Life, Arlington, Casino, Dryad, Crevasse.
HAYDOCK PARK: Saturday—Dane's Voe, Squarson, Hunt Law, Revues, George Drake, Condover.

THE LIVERPOOL CUP.

The next handicap of note to come up for decision is the Liverpool Summer Cup—July 21st being the allotted date. There will not, however, be a big field, as the entries total only twenty-five, and several trainers are doubly represented. Lord Derby has a *penchant* for these trophies, of which he now possesses quite a number. He can make an effort to win yet another with either Crevasse or Silurian, the former of whom has already an Autumn Cup to her credit. My present fancy is Evander.

MELTON.

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.

The Oxford and Cambridge cricket match will not be an easy thing for Cambridge, but given equal luck in conditions there should be no doubt as to their ability to win. Hubert Ashton has as strong an attack at his disposal as has G. T. S. Stevens, and the Cambridge batting has proved of more lasting quality. Those who are fortunate enough to be present at Lord's on July 10, 11, or 12, will note with mingled feelings the most curious delivery of F. B. R. Browne, the old Eastbourne boy and Light Blue fast bowler.

G. T. S. STEVENS.

GREVILLE STEVENS.

The Oxford Captain, Greville Stevens, is the lad who set the Public Schools all a-talk when he was at University College School. He reached such a pinnacle of sustained perfection that there was never any doubt that he was the best all-round boy cricketer of his year. The propinquity of his father's house to Lord's ground and the acute interest of P. F. Warner made his trial for Middlesex certain; and his prowess has been such that when he was yet 20 his chances of being put in the England team were seriously discussed. His task of choosing the Oxford team has not been so easy as that of the Light Blue captain, but—well there may be a few shocks at Lord's next week, public form notwithstanding.

A VERSATILE TRIO.

Hubert Ashton, the Cambridge captain, is one of an Irish family of three brothers who have earned brilliant distinction in the world of sport. Like Gilbert, Hubert is a triple Blue — cricket, football and hockey — and Claude is in direct line for an equally dazzling career. One of the best things Hubert has done was the century he made against the Australians at a time when every other batsman—excepting John Kerr, of Scotland—was treating them with Oriental humility.

H. ASHTON.

HENLEY REGATTA.

Judging by what has been happening during practice for the Henley regatta, which opens to-day, I do not think our home-bred competitors will have much cause for dissatisfaction on Saturday evening. W. M. Hoover is magnificent in a sprint, but I no not regard him as a stayer, and the most formidable opposition to J. Beresford, junr., in the Diamonds is likely to come from A. A. Baynes, the Queenslander, and D. H. L. Gollan. G. O. Nickalls and R. S. C. Lucas (the Magdalen pair) should take the Goblets. The Grand is an open affair; if it were a case of noise, the prize would go to the Swiss crew, whose unusual action and terrific stroke will at least cause diversion.

If £300 would come in handy in case of

SPORTSMEN

Editor of "The Sporting Life"

THE KING AND SPORT.

The presence of the King at the the opening of the "Wimbledon Fortnight," and at the A.A.A. Championships on Saturday, was another unobtrusive illustration of the tact which has characterised the reigning house from the days of the late King Edward. And King George is not a mere casual spectator when he attends our racecourses and principal sports enclosures. It is not, I trust, an indiscretion to say that those who have been privileged to converse with His Majesty on these occasions have been astonished at his intimate knowledge of the game, its tradition, records and the achievement of the men and women associated with it.

WIMBLEDON'S AUSTRALIAN.

Colonial sportsmen invariably create an impression on their first arrival in this country by their unorthodox but very successful methods. There is a typical example of this in Joe Kirkwood, the golfer. We now have another in Joe Anderson, the tall, lithe apparently languid member of the Australian Davis Cup team, who is competing at the new Wimbledon. In his match with Brian Norton, the favourite, he gave the possible successor to W. T. Tilden a terrible time. He made him appear a mere tyro in the art of lawn tennis.

J. O. ANDERSON.

OUR GOLFERS IN AMERICA.

The good wishes of British golfers have gone with George Duncan, Abe Mitchell, J. H. Taylor, and Alec Herd, who are in America and will compete in the American open championship, commencing next Monday. In international golf Britain and America are "all square" at the moment, Vardon's and Ray's successes in America being cancelled by those of Hutchison and Hagen in this country. If Duncan manages to do at Chicago what he just failed to accomplish at Sandwich, it will be but poetic justice.

WANTING IT BOTH WAYS.

The Royal and Ancient Committee have an unhappy knack of doing some matters of public import in a wrong way. They explained why E. W. E. Holderness, the amateur champion, could not go to America for the international contest, but they were silent as to the omission of the ex-champion, W. I. Hunter, and of Captain E. C. Carter. If, as everyone in the golf world in this country suspects, it is because the R. and A. do not regard these two strictly as amateurs, then an explanation is due. Because both were allowed to compete in the amateur championship, and the R. and A. cannot be right both ways.

SOUTH AFRICAN VIGOUR.

The governing body of billiards in this country is the Billiards Association and Control Club, whose ideas generally are more ultra-conservative than those of the M.C.C. So they had something of a shock when, at their annual meeting, they listened to the vigorous views of Mr. Arthur Walker, president of the South African Association. Mr. Walker is one of those live men who would have died of inertia if he had been born in a pre-Victorian age.

THE LOOSE HEAD.

It was not a little amusing to read the reports of the discussion at the Rugby Union annual meeting on the "loose head" question—amusing because it was so obvious some of the speakers were deliciously hazy as to the tactics involved and the right way to meet them. But the Harlequins found the way out, and their proposal—which will no doubt be adopted by the International Board—will do away with the "loose head" entirely. The front row of each team in a "scrum" will not be more than three, so that either team will have an outside head, and the ball will be put in by a player of the side not responsible for stoppage of play. One can guess where he will put it. Thus justice will be met.

HINT TO RUGBY UNION.

Now that Rugby football is so popular, and the income of the governing body is counted in thousands of pounds, it is high time that an adequate and lucid financial statement is issued annually and some of the money debited to other purposes than loaning it to clubs at three or four per cent. interest. Junior and schools football can be extensively encouraged with such resources at command; the suggestion made by Mr. G. H. Smith, of Devon, should be considered with all sympathy.

THE SQUANDERERS.

It is only just over a month to the period when Association football clubs will be calling up their players, and the matter of the Rugby Union balance sheet reminds one of the extraordinary policy pursued by the Sunderland Club as disclosed at their annual meeting. The loss on the season was nearly £16,000, in spite of average takings of almost £1,500 for every home League fixture. The "mad hatter finance," which led to enormous fees being paid for players during a period of panic, was alone responsible for the heavy deficiency. It cost over £10,000 to cover transfer fees and expenses—£4,000 more than was paid to players in wages and benefits. Need anything more be said?

BLACKHEATH'S LUCK.

Blackheath Rugby Club has had bad luck by the destruction by fire of the large stand, and a new one will not be completed until the season has run most of its course. There will be changes, too, in the personnel of the first XI., which will be under the captaincy of G. N. Lowe, the old Dulwich boy and Cantab. B. S. Cumberlege, H. Coverdale and A. F. Blakiston have retired, but it is probable that C. H. Pillman will be able to turn out.

G. N. LOWE.

GATES AND REVENUE.

Here are a few other instances of heavy losses by clubs in different parts of the country: Wolverhampton Wanderers, £5,300; Blackpool, £2,000; Crystal Palace, £1,600; Bristol, Rovers, £900. These examples could be multiplied many times, and not all the sorry tale is due to transfer fees. Some of it is through indifferent play; some to local industrial depression; some to "bad luck" in the Cup-ties—and so forth.

Fire, sign the coupons on Page 2 now.

Sport Personalities

XI.—C. H. PARKIN.

IT is two years ago since Cecil Harry Parkin—he was not christened Henry—startled English cricket, and staggered England's Gentlemen by taking nine wickets for the Players at the Oval.

That is a performance which ranks worthily as a great achievement in the record books of the game. But is it Parkin's best? It is a matter of opinion, and—praise the saints—opinions differ. I happen to know that Parkin doesn't *think* it is, though he may say so publicly. And I do not believe he would subscribe to my view that he has never bowled better than he did at Lord's against Middlesex just over a fortnight ago.

Now, statistics in books speak dully of certain accomplishments in the world of sport. but no page that has yet been through the hands of the printer gives silent voice to that day of tremendous effort and tense strain in the life of the bowler when batsmen poke the ball into the hands of an inept field, or wickets and bails are grazed and shaved and lovingly caressed, but preserve their placid immobility.

Parkin had just such an aggravating, soul-crushing day as this at Lord's; his figures in the score book were nothing, but at the end of the day the spirit of the man was as serenely happy as if he had "mown them down."

For Parkin is not of those who sit down by the Waters of Babylon and weep. He has a fund of humour, a natural wit and a gay disposition that are inborn, infectious and inspiring.

He is a very companionable, genial, gay-hearted fellow; the life and soul of the Lancashire team; his brain full of impish thoughts and (in conjunction with his fingers) of hellish tricks—with the ball.

He bowls an over of six different varieties without the slightest hint in action or countenance to show the subtle change; and when you think, "Thank goodness, that's over, he can't have any more tricks," the next six balls leave you more puzzled than before.

He was precocious enough to be playing in his school team at eleven. Now he is 35, and, if cricketers were paid in proportion to comedians, worth a prince's ransom. NOMAD.

STARTLING

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in the same style as The Tic-Tac popular Saturday Letters. At One Shilling per day, or a series of 12 for 10/-.

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Tuesday 3 winners, Wednesday 4 winners, Thursday 3 winners.

A treble-starred Nap each day.

NOTHING issued in connection with the Turf business has met with the phenomenal success that has been attained by The Tic-Tac and its services.

The new series of SPECIAL DAILY LETTER SERVICES recently commenced will continue daily throughout the flat-racing season.

Our aim in these Special Daily Letters is to give our patrons—All the knowledge obtainable from all sources in all quarters. The letters show—

What is going to run,
Who is engaged to ride,
Horses that are non-runners,
Horses—OUT TO WIN.

Whatever CONFIDENTIAL information we have from the Training Quarters is given in THE TIC-TAC'S SPECIAL DAILY LETTERS. All advance intimation we have of Starting-Price "Jobs" is repeated in The Tic-Tac's Special Daily Letters, and the price is—

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"ORTYX" "ORTYX"

Occasional One-Horse Commission Wires

ABSOLUTELY THE SAFEST INVESTMENT. FOR CUTE BACKERS.

LUCENTIO	WON 20-1
LUCENTIO	WON 20-1
INDAL	WON 100-30
WOLF'S CREEK	WON 4-1

"Ortyx" only selection advised up to Thursday morning, the time of despatching this advertisement. LUCENTIO WON 20-1. Nothing else mentioned. The previous week two selections only advised. Both rolled home. INDAL WON 100-30, WOLF'S CREEK WON 4-1. These were absolutely one-horse messages, nothing else mentioned whatever.

A FEARLESS SELLING-RACE JOB ON SATURDAY NEXT.

THE SAFEST COUP ENGINEERED THIS SEASON.

"Ortyx" has gleaned secret news respecting a horse that has been specially readied to bring off a great coup at Lingfield on Saturday next, and from private news in his possession it should win its race in a trot. It has been

DOWN THE COURSE

on more than one occasion this season, but it is considered by one of the shrewdest divisions to be walking-over on this occasion. A very smart jockey (not, by the way, either Donoghue or Bullock) will have the mount: in fact, from what "Ortyx" privately knows he is confident this horse will win by at least three lengths. Now, if you are an occasional backer and not one of those who have a bet every day, you simply must send for this news. "Ortyx" never advises for the mere sake of doing so—only when information arrives which warrants. Good information has to be paid for; cheap rubbish is no good to anyone except the Bookies, therefore my terms are £5 per message, or £20 pays for six wires. But knowing what a splendid advertisement my coup on Saturday will be, as a special test this One-Horse secret will be sent for a fee of

TEN SHILLINGS ONLY

simply as a test. Remember, the terms for the next coup will be £5 and, furthermore, remember "Ortyx" is supplying you with information you could not obtain elsewhere. In Selling Races there are some wonderful coups brought off, and he is confident he has a real "clinker" here. No mistake! Don't be late and miss another nice winner, which will prove a sensational surprise to those "in the know." If you missed LUCENTIO, INDAL, and WOLF'S CREEK, for goodness sake don't miss this. Post early and help yourself again.

"ORTYX," 3, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C. Telegrams, "ORTYCUS, LONDON."

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE TRUSTEE)

THE strength of the British Legion lies in the fact that it is not tied down to any political Party, and it will certainly continue to be a free and independent movement. It reserves to itself the unfettered liberty to criticise, as occasion may demand, the action of any Party or of any Government that is considered detrimental to the best interests of the ex-Service community. Only by so doing can the Legion preserve its influence and become an even greater agency for the promotion of the well-being of all.

WITHIN its ranks there are men of all shades of political thought, but on one subject—the ex-Service question—they are indissolubly united and unquestionably unanimous. Much has been done in the past by the State to rehabilitate the ex-Service community, but much remains.

THE Government cannot adopt a self-complaisant attitude. It cannot rest content because so much has been done in the past; it must remove all the legitimate grievances that still exist, and it must see that the reasonable claims of ex-Service men and their dependants are fulfilled.

DAY by day, week by week, the Legion has gained in strength. It has been built on a solid foundation, and has become a fighting force—one that is out to protect the interests of the weak. All ex-Service folks—men and women—have come together in one big family, where the spirit of faithful comradeship prevails, and where the principles of true citizenship learned on the field of battle are practised. The one big association, the Legion, is the only organisation whose record of progress and efficiency deserves the loyal support of all, no matter to which political Party they may belong.

The King's Roll:—It is fairly well recognised that, unfortunately, the highest form of voluntary appeal on behalf of the disabled, the King's National Roll, is not now producing the response necessary quickly to reabsorb the rearguard of the disabled. The conscience of the industrial and commercial world is slackening, but the business community must never be allowed to forget its obligations. Local authorities, too, have been very apathetic. Small wonder that the only alternative is compulsory employment. Compulsion was necessary to recruit men; compulsion to resettle them in civilian life seems equally essential. The pity of it all!

Increasing in Strength:—Eight months' ago when our Patron, the Prince of Wales, embarked on his wonderfully successful Indian and Far Eastern tour, the branches of the Legion numbered 1,400. By the day of his return to England another 513 branches had been added to the Roll. That's a splendid record. In many outlying places there is room for development. The men are there, ready for someone to lead them, and the ball needs only to start rolling, and then a flourishing little branch forges ahead. With ex-Service women as full partners, branches have now a wider scope for their usefulness.

Much Money, Little Expense:—During the past twelve months, the income for the relief and benevolent departments was £779,355. That sum might sound vast, but it was totally inadequate to deal with the problem of distress and unemployment. As a matter of fact, the sum represented only 30s. for every disabled and unemployed ex-Service man. The administrative expenses are infinitesimal, as 99 per cent. of the workers are voluntary.

Legion Tonic to the Sick:—A Lancashire man with a wife and six children was workless for a long time. To make matters worse, his wife was ill with pneumonia and signs of consumption were diagnosed. Their absolute poverty came to our notice, and the family were helped with good food, and in other directions. The wife and mother is slowly regaining her strength, and a further tonic to her was the coming home of her husband one night with the news that he had been found a job.

In Starving Cornwall:—Trade in Cornwall is bad and shows no signs of speedy revival. A Cornishman was on the verge of starvation, and his luckless plight preyed upon him so much that it was probable he would become mentally unbalanced. We got to hear of his distress in time and relieved him, his wife, and two kiddies. The nourishing food given renewed his strength, and a rest in a United Services' Fund Convalescent Home made a new man of him.

A Naval Man's Ill-Health:—After he had served twelve years in the Navy, a man of Kent was discharged. Later, he became dangerously ill, and the only hope of his recovery was his removal to London for an immediate operation. While he was in hospital, his wife and family were becoming destitute until the Legion's Unity Relief Fund became aware of their distress. It kept the family, and this little act of kindness to the dependants of an ex-Service man hastened the recovery of the invalid.

Pocketing His Pride:—When an ex-Fusilier who served in South Africa came back from France, he found that his home was being condemned as unsuitable for human habitation. He put pride in his pocket and entered the workhouse, but feeling crushed in spirit he took his discharge, sold all he had got, and tramped the country with his wife and four children in search of work. They were so hard up that they even had to sleep in the open. This case was brought to the Legion—who investigated the facts, found it deserved prompt consideration, and got him a fairly well-paid job. He has made good again, and his employer speaks of him as a capable workman.

Little Businesses Started:—In London, Berks, Middlesex, Hants, Wales, and Staffs little businesses have been set going by the aid of loans from the Unity Relief Fund. All show good prospects, and the men are repaying their loans so that others who need a little initial capital may themselves be established. The businesses include a house-to-house drapery traveller; egg-collecting and distributing; boot repairing; window-cleaning; and a fish-shop—while in another instance a loan was given for the purchase of equipment to open and work a gravel-pit.

Turning The Tables:—When she wrote to the Ministry of Pensions, a North London widow was told quite definitely that in their opinion the death of her husband was not due to military service. Her doctor and she herself knew otherwise; but she was in despair at the depressing outlook for herself and her four children until she heard that the Legion would take up her case. We relieved her destitution quickly, and then we tackled the Ministry. After we had prepared and conducted her appeal, the Tribunal agreed that the Ministry was wrong in turning down her claim. She now gets nearly £3 a week for herself and children. Such cases could be multiplied many times, but this particular instance must suffice.

A Decision Reversed:—A Surrey Major had his pension reduced from 50 to 20 per cent., and his special grants allowance was abated accordingly. He had an Appeal Board, and despite medical evidence from specialists the reduction was confirmed. He then approached the Legion, and we got him a Special Board. The sequel is this: he has been re-assessed at 50 per cent., and the Special Grant Allowance has been re-issued at the old rate!

Within Six Days:—Because he had a withered arm, the result of a gunshot wound, an old soldier who was in the trenches with the Durham Light Infantry was unable to follow his pre-war occupation. Eighteen months' ago he was recommended for a course of basket-making, and for these eighteen months he has exerted all the pressure he could, but without success. Then he laid the facts of his case before us, and within six days we got him placed in a Government Factory.

The White Scourge:—A subject upon which little is heard but about which much has been done by the Legion, is the interests of men who are suffering from tuberculosis. The present treatment given to these men is quite inadequate, and the Government ought to bring into operation at once the recommendations of the Barlow Committee of 1919. How extensive are the ravages of this white scourge are scarcely known by the public, but 27 per cent. of the men who had already been discharged from the service suffering with T.B. have died, and in the big towns experience has shown that the death rate was something like 50 per cent.

Our Daily "Thank You":—A Southampton man writes in the following strain: "Many thanks for taking up my case, and for the able presentation of it to the Tribunal. Without your help, I would have lost. Thank God there is such an organisation as the Legion, and if all ex-Servicemen are worth their salt they would join it straight away—not only for their own sakes, but because they will be helping others who are unable to help themselves."

Mr HARRY LAUDER
(The Scottish Artist),
in his BARRY SPORTS SUIT.
Made either with knickers or trousers as preferred.

GEORGES CARPENTIER
(The Famous Boxer),
in his BARRY BLUE SERGE SUIT.

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Read these unsolicited and genuine Testimonials, originals of which may be seen at the Institute—

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J. B., 1787.—"I have read with deep interest your lessons in Mail Order, and have been struck with the remarkably simple manner in which you set forth the particulars."

B., 2269.—"Thanks for second lesson—I am very pleased with the information it contains. I am quite confident that the Mail Order business will prove a good thing for me in the future. Thanking you once again."

B., 2468.—"I shall be obliged if you will kindly forward me the third lesson in the course. The first two lessons have proved most encouraging. They show quite plainly what might be done with effort and a little patience."

B., 936.—"I can see already that your course is going to benefit me greatly."

B., 167.—"Please forward me my second lesson. I may say you give instructions very clearly. Judging by the good schemes in the first lesson, I have no fear of not finding success before the course is finished."

B., 496.—"I must say I have found the course far above what I expected. I shall always advise anyone I hear thinking of taking up Mail Order to take up your course. I can safely say it has given me a great idea of how to run a Mail Order business, and I am only just embarking on my fifth lesson."

J. B., 2032.—"I feel I must just let you know that since becoming one of your students my income has been considerably increased, and upon an outlay of a few pounds I have realised a net profit of 300 per cent. I trust my good fortune will continue, and I can assure you I shall ever feel grateful to you for your profitable help."

J. P. B.—"The series of lessons are to my mind very well thought out, and offer very useful hints regarding Mail Order and advertising work, which already I find, an interesting and lucrative hobby."

B., 871.—"I wish to thank you for lesson No. 1, and if the rest are as interesting and explanatory your course is well worth the money."

B., 1546.—"By what I can see of it, I have at last got on the road to success. I have studied your first lesson all through and by the time I receive the others I think I shall be well away."

A., 121.—"I must say that I have nothing but praise for your course. It is well graded and cleverly written, and is quite comprehensive. It certainly contains all that is necessary in the making of a Mail Order expert."

You also can make good money in the Mail Order Business—but to succeed you must learn "the ropes." Our proved system will put you on the right road without loss of time.

THE FIRST STEP IS TO SEND THIS COUPON:

THE SHAW INSTITUTE

(Dept. J.B. 6),

1, Montague Street, W.C.1

Only ½d. stamp required if envelope is unsealed. Do this NOW—while you think of it.

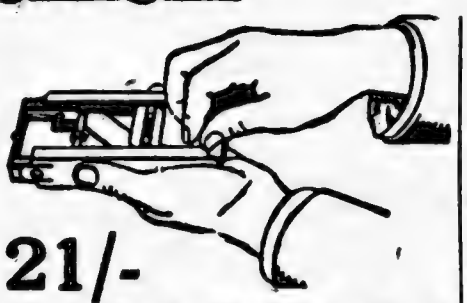
To
THE SECRETARY,
Dept. J.B. 6, Shaw Institute,
1, Montague Street, London,
W.C. 1.

Please send me GRATIS and POST FREE your Brochure, "By Post to Prosperity," and other literature on Mail Order Trading.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 6.



21/-
"ALLEGRO"
AUTOMATIC HONER AND STROPPER
for all kinds of Safety Razor Blades
ALLEGRO has two sides: Emery for Honing, leather for Stropping. GUARANTEE: One good blade will last twelve months, insuring real shaving comfort.
Obtainable from all Stores, Cutlers, Hairdressers and Messrs Heppel's Branches, or direct from
LEVERLITE LAMPS,
(Dept. B.)
22a, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
128, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, W.1.
for 21/7, post free

SPORTS SUITS
(No Vests)
34/9, 42/6, 50/-
Trousers of same material or of Flannel if preferred. NOT READY MADE, but specially designed, skilfully cut, and expertly tailored to your measures from your choice of material.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER.
Write to-day for Free Set of Patterns, Smart Style Book, Easy Measure Form, and Tape. Sent Post Free.
FULL SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY RETURNED IN FULL.
All Parcels Sent Post Free.
Also Suits from 27/6 to 6 Gns. (with Extra Pair of Trousers).
WRITE for PATTERNS, &c., TO-DAY.
NATIONAL MAIL TAILORING CO.,
4, ELMWOOD BUILDINGS, LEEDS.

THE WAY TO BE WELL.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

There are plenty of men and women who, every few weeks, have spells of weakness and suffering, during which they are little better than miserable invalids.

In the case of men, disordered or overstrained nerves are usually responsible for this unfitness. As for the woman, her back aches, she is dizzy with sick headache, and her side stabbing with pain. The only real health is all-the-year-round health; and the secret of it is good rich blood.

The one way to make this new blood is to take Dr. Williams' pink pills. Every village, every street in any large town, contains someone who was once a wreck every few weeks, but is now well all the year round—thanks to Dr. Williams' pink pills. And the reason is that these pills make new rich blood from the first dose. They strengthen and tone up the nerves of worried enfeebled men and have accomplished wonders for pale delicate girls, ailing mothers and thin weedy boys.

Send for a copy of "The Way to be Well." It contains many instructive hints, and will be sent free to all readers who write to W. W. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Begin to get well to-day by starting Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of dealers; or direct from above address. 3s. 0d. per box, post free.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

A Money-Making Secret.

Messrs A. L. Dean & Co., of Durham Road, Sheffield, have a scheme for making "more money entirely at home without any disappointing conditions whatever." The scheme is a secret, but it can be bought from Messrs. Dean & Co. for the "ridiculous sum" of two shillings, as Mr Montagu Tigg would have described it. It will be recalled that Mr. Pecksniff found the "ridiculous sum" mentioned quite an undesirable amount to advance. I recommend my readers to be equally unaccommodating.

The Morison Trust.

I am accumulating quite a lot of information concerning the Morison Trust, and it tends to show that Mr. H. W. Weston, the Bursar and Treasurer, is better known than I had imagined. Also, that no one should have anything to do with him, or with the Woods Mercantile Agency, of Fore Street, E.C., which makes inquiries on his behalf, and later offers to negotiate a loan at 10 per cent. instead of at the 6 per cent. originally indicated. Meanwhile, the Morison Trust is in possession of the applicant's 12s. 6d. 'Nuff said.

Do They Know?

Is Bond Street to oust Capel Court as the financial centre of London? I have before me a letter from the Premier Development Trust, of 17, Bond Street House, W.1, inviting money, on which it is prepared to pay interest at the rate of 30s. per week per £100. "Security is in First Debenture Bonds to Bearer secured upon over £2,000,000 of assets of an important concern under the auspices of the British Colonial Office." I wonder if the Colonial Office knows.

Margarine.

A reader interested in the grocery trade wants an investment showing a return of between 7 and 8 per cent. Van den Bergh 7 per cent. Preference, obtainable at about 18s. 6d. give a yield of £7 12s. per cent., while Jurgen 7 per cent. Preference, obtainable at about 17s. 6d., give 8 per cent. Both shares are cumulative as to dividend and soundly backed financially.

Down by the Riverside.

Messrs. Glover & Butler (partners—W. H. Butler and W. B. Easterfield) are new to me as stock and share brokers. Their circulars emanate from Bank Chambers, Market Place, Kingston-on-Thames. It strikes me as an odd address at which to conduct financial business. In relation to the City it seems so near and yet so far.

An International Problem.

Conditions in Ireland are disturbed, I know, but it seems peculiar that cheques from that distressful country can reach Messrs. R. A. Stewart, Ltd., of Eldon Street, London, while cheques from Messrs. R. A. Stewart get mislaid on their way to Ireland. On May 2nd, they wrote:—"Cheque for statement will follow next Tuesday, our next Settling Day." I suppose they meant "cheque in settlement", but anyhow it hadn't arrived when I heard from Ireland the other day.

"A Thousand to One Chance!"

Messrs. George A. Johns & Co., of 113, Newington Causeway, S.E.1, are offering some of my readers the chance of a life-time, but they must be quick. All they have to do is to send Messrs. Johns £3 for their great Oil Speculation in order to net £3,000. I am sorry I cannot recommend anyone to send the money. Messrs. Johns & Co. describe it as a thousand to one chance. I should say it is.

Money for Nothing.

Mr. Rasmus Jensen, of Hillview, Hadley Road, New Barnet, is a philanthropist. He has 470,000,000 roubles in the Russian State Bank, Moscow. He has reserved 100,000,000 for almshouses in England and a like amount for almshouses in Denmark, but he is willing to sell the balance at the rate of a million for £2. "In time Russia will make peace . . . and your 1,000,000 roubles will be then worth over £100,000." I am not quoting from "The Arabian Nights," but from Mr. Rasmus Jensen's circular. He says he is seventy-five years of age. Old enough to know better.

The Bank Rate.

Betting is about even on the Stock Exchange that the Bank rate will be reduced again to-morrow, or, failing that, by the middle of the month. In that event, there should be a further advance in gilt-edged securities and another jump in Home Rails.

Kaffirs on the Move.

Preparations are on foot for an active market in Kaffirs. The labour troubles are over, working costs are on the downward grade, and there is still a bit of a premium on gold. Don't buy shares in any but the best companies. They may look dear, but they are cheaper than low-priced rubbish.

Don't Take the Risk.

You are taking a great risk if you think that fire and accident only happen in other people's homes. Better be safe than sorry. Register to day for the "JOHN BULL" Free Home Insurance.

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

3.—The Philosophy of Good Wages.

SOUND trade has never yet been built on sweated wages, and never will. The firms and the nations which pay the best wages do the most trade. The American firm which pays the highest wages in the world does enormously more business than any other firm of its kind in the world.

That is one side of the picture. Now let us turn to the other.

Good wages can be paid only out of the product of good work. A big production is the only road to big wages. The workman who restricts output restricts his own wages. The Trade Union which encourages output encourages good rates of pay.

We have to put it plainly to the employer:

It is at once your duty and your interest to pay the highest wages that the trade will bear.

On the other hand we have to say to the employed:

It is at once your duty and your interest to produce to the best of your ability, that by swelling the only fund out of which wages can be paid you make good wages possible for yourself and your fellows.

And we are entitled to say to any trade as a whole, addressing ourselves to both employers and employed:

Your industry is a servant of the community. We look to you to use the best known methods and the best known machinery for your benefit and ours. It is at once your duty and your interest to produce liberally, and to give the public that proper plentifulness which is the true meaning of cheapness.

Does the history of industry bear out these sayings? Let us see.

It is upon record that the nations which (to put aside the present abnormal troubles due to special causes, and to consider the normal working world as it existed before the war), had the highest wage rates and the best conditions of labour did the most trade and enjoyed the most prosperity. The three nations paying the highest wages were America, Britain and Germany, and these three were the leaders of industry. Germany did more trade than France, but it was not because German wages were lower than French wages; on the contrary, they were higher.

Thus also with individual firms. When, before the war, some of us in Parliament brought about legislation to suppress sweating, our efforts had to be directed not against big and prosperous firms, but against small, badly worked, inefficient businesses, which stupidly sought to base profitable trade on sweated labour.

A COMIC OPERA COUNCIL

Our Special Commissioner at Southampton

I THOUGHT that there must be something curious about the Southampton Town Council when I met a couple of its members in my wanderings round the town, so I went to a Council meeting to see how business was conducted.

It was reminiscent of Bret Harte's "Abner Dean, of Angels, raised a point of order when a chunk of old red sandstone caught him in the abdomen."

There was no actual scrapping, however, but at one time it was a very near thing, and feeling was inflamed so much during the meeting that at times it was suggestive of a public-house argument round about closing time.

A lady member appealed to the Chair in the following terms:—"I think the best you can do is to reprimand the Alderman for suggesting he will not get the truth from me. I wish he would behave a little less like a corner-boy in this chamber."

The Alderman retorted: "Let me take some notice of that kindly ladylike speech we have just heard."

A Councillor remarked that he had seldom heard speeches so devoid of facts as those of the Junior Bailiff and the Alderman.

The unfeigned joy of the unthinking burgesses present was undisguised. Other choice bits during the sitting were:—

"You have got to have it."

"Don't bring any of your Brotherhood hypocrisy here."

"I could take the Alderman outside."

"Allow me to introduce you to Joe Beckett."

The meeting finally broke up in disorder, after four hours of it, apparently without finishing the agenda.

But what about the interests of the town? I suppose that Southampton has really got the Town Council it deserves, for while I was there a by-election took place and only about ten per cent. of the electors went to the poll.

From what I heard in the town, the general opinion seems to be that the Council muddles most things it takes in hand, and the teachers' strike was given me as an instance.

Local opinion is that the Council has also muddled the Housing Scheme and the Unemployment Problem.

If one might make a suggestion with regard to the latter, a suggestion that is based on what I have seen done elsewhere, I would say that some useful work for the unemployed might be found on the foreshore bordering the path that runs between the railway and the sea between Southampton West and Millbrook Stations.

This foreshore is now covered with rocks and mud, and at comparatively small expense, as it seems to me, it could be made into a beach where the kiddies could paddle in comfort and which would, no doubt, attract a certain number of summer visitors to Southampton.

Perhaps the members of the Council will forgive me for suggesting that they would do well to visit Portsmouth and Winchester on days when the Councils of those places meet, and collect some useful tips as to the way public business ought to be conducted.

GOLD IN THE GARDEN

HOW he found gold while working in his allotment garden is told by Mr. Frederick Casely, of 19, Scott Street, Galashiels, who, in the name of his wife, sent in the £1,000 Prize "Bullet" in Competition No. 450.

The winning line: "Amateur Gardener—Greatest Gambler on Earth," was evolved by him while reflecting on his experiments as an amateur horticulturist, when in high hope he planted many seeds only to discover that there were more things in *earth* than had entered his philosophy.

It is an admirable instance of the manner in which little incidents of daily domestic experience may be turned to good account in the formation of "Bullets."

"The prize will provide a nice little nest egg for my wife and two children, thus gratifying one of my greatest ambitions," says Mr. Casely.

"Many times," he adds, "I thought of giving up (after weeks of silence on the part of the judges), yet the fascination of the competition and a 'guid conceit' of the merits of my efforts (what competitor doesn't believe his grey geese to be white swans?) has kept me pegging away. My reward has been great."

Let the Government pay a part of the cost of **YOUR HOLIDAY ATTIRE**

THE Government paid more for the material alone than we are charging for these excellently tailored garments. Having been fortunate enough to secure a huge quantity of Government Tweeds and Government Proofed Cloth we are able to offer you well-fitting, serviceable clothes for a few shillings. **Order now, for this opportunity finishes when stocks are sold**

Guaranteed Woollen Tweed

SPORTS JACKETS

Made from hardwearing woollen Government Tweed woven to official standards. Exceptionally smart and serviceable. In Greys, Medium or Dark Fawns, and Heather Mixtures. A splendidly tailored coat which gentlemen can wear with confidence—well worth 25/6. Made with 2 button pockets, half belt stitched at back; three leather buttons. Lined yoke and sleeves. Please state chest measurement and shade preferred when ordering.

Price **10/6** each.

Carriage and Packing 1/- extra.

SIZES—CHEST 32 TO 44 ins. RISING BY 2 ins.

Last 1450 pairs of

FLANNEL TROUSERS

You will want Flannel Trousers for the holidays, and if you miss this offer will have to pay twice as much for equal style and material. They are made of a serviceable soft finished flannel—in light and dark greys, with belt loops, buttons inside for braces, raised seams, permanent turn ups, one hip pocket and two side pockets. Sizes 28 to 42 ins. waist, rising by 2 ins. Inside leg measurement 27 to 34 ins., every inch.

8/6

PER PAIR.

Carriage and Packing 9d. extra.

WONDERFUL BARGAIN in guaranteed

WATERPROOFS

Offered at remarkable price

We guarantee every coat to be Waterproof

15/- EACH

WORTH £2 2 0 EACH. Carriage & Packing 1/3 extra

Our Stock of Government Proofed Cloth we have made up into Ladies' and Gents' Coats in six sizes. These Guaranteed Waterproof Coats are stylishly cut, and beautifully tailored on generous lines—note the full skirt, ensuring the knees being kept dry in the heaviest rain. Made of finest quality Government material, rubber lined. Fawn or Navy Blue in the following sizes: Gents', Chest 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 ins. Lengths 44-48 ins.; Ladies', Lengths 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 ins. Gents' can be had either with or without belt.

ONE OF THESE SIZES WILL FIT YOU. SEND YOUR ORDER TO-DAY. SATISFACTION ASSURED OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED. When ordering—be careful to state correct size required. Enclose remittance, either crossed cheque, money order or postal order. Always register Treasury Notes and coin. Remember—goods are despatched in strict rotation—cash refunded in full if you do not approve same, and return within 3 days.

We have received heaps of testimonials, originals of which can be seen at our offices. Here is one:

Dear Sirs,—Received suit this afternoon. Am delighted with it—it is a proper bargain. Yours faithfully, HUBERT L. NICHOLSON.

BARGAINS LTD. (DEPARTMENT J.B.) 113, Oxford Street, London, W.1

Opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth. Office hours for direct purchases, 9 to 7; Saturdays, 9 to 2.30 p.m. (Our only address.)

"John Bull's Letter Bag"

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Killed by Gossip." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

Legal inquiries should be addressed to the Legal Editor, and those of general interest will be dealt with in the columns of the paper. Correspondents desiring an answer by post should enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

JOHN (Coldwall).—"Why is Wednesday supposed to be so unlucky?" It can't be, it is the day JOHN BULL is published.

WILLIAMS (Porchester).—"Is it right to say *the* Renown, *the* Victorious, etc., when speaking of H.M. ships?" No. The correct thing is to drop the "the."

MILL HAND (St Helen's).—"My doctor says there is nothing wrong with my circulation." And our publisher says exactly the same about us.

YOUNG THING (Edmonton).—"I should dearly love to come and have a chat with you." Come round some Christmas Eve when we are not busy.

TED (Teddington).—"There is more spooning goes on in the backwaters than you would credit." That is what backwaters are for, old son.

SUPERSTITIOUS (Waring).—"I broke a glass last week. Is that very unlucky?" It depends entirely on what was in it.

L. B. I. (Bolton).—"I have written a poem on the Prince of Wales: should I send it to him?" No. He is taking a holiday, and anyway doesn't deserve such treatment.

ENTHUSIAST (Bristol).—"I have an idea for running a railway through the Arctic regions to America." What's the matter with a tunnel through the earth to Australia?

THIRTY-SEVEN (Leigh).—"Do you think a man out of work ought to get married? My fiancée has a good job." Men as a rule do not live on their wives' earnings, but there are other things who do, however.

ANYWHERE-FOR-ME (Cumberland).—"I am sick of this rotten country, and am leaving for Australia." Our own opinion is that if a man cannot get his living in this country, he cannot get it anywhere.

COSSACK (Hull).—"Very few Englishmen have had the advantage of going abroad." There were at least five million British visitors to France between 1914 and 1918, but whether they looked upon it as an advantage or not, we doubt.

WANDERER (Emden).—"Germany isn't all it is cracked up to be." It isn't even cracked up, apparently.

WARD ROOM (Devonport).—"The lower deck have a much better time than the officers." Don't be silly.

MRS. LEWIS HUNT (née Alice Millgate).—Last heard of in Bloomsbury. Father dead. Please communicate with brother Jack, 6a, Charlotte Square, Margate.

LONDON SCOT (Battersea).—"Why do we not take our courage in both hands and pull France out of the mire?" Because we've only got two hands.

LAKER (Sheffield).—"Isn't it true that there are more acres in Yorkshire than letters in the Bible?" We absolutely refuse to know.

JACK AND JILL (Harpenden).—"Here is a chance for the Home Secretary to say that they are insane!" We are hoping he will not be in office when they are tried.

TELFER (Clydebank).—"A man has a portrait in his hand and he says 'This man's father is my father's son.' What relationship is the original of the portrait to the man?" His son.

JUBILEE (Manchester).—"Who originated the word swank, and where does it come from?" It originated in printers' offices, as so many natty little expressions have done.

PHYLLIS (Pangbourne).—"How is a girl to know that a man is already married?" Watch him and see if he puts his hands in his pockets mechanically every time something has to be paid for.

BERYL (Swanage).—"Now is the time to stand by Lloyd George." We tried to stand by him on the day the Prince came back, but the police wouldn't let us. We should have got a much better view.

A. E. J. (Balham).—"I have met with an accident and can't work. I have been told that your paper helps the working man . ." Dear friend, you seem to have missed your opportunity. Haven't you yet heard of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Home Insurance?

HOLLY (No address).—"The finest season in the year is the winter." What a pessimist!

L. M. (London, W.).—"The Irish situation requires very firm handling." Thank you for this novel and interesting expression of opinion.

CONSTANT VISITOR (Ostend).—"I should like to have your views on the bathing costumes here." We should be very glad to have views.

TOWNSMAN (Bradford).—"If farmers object to daylight saving, why don't they start their work an hour later?" Exactly the same idea occurred to us.

NINTH WONDER (Dundee).—"You have nothing like the river Tay in England." Have you seen our River Wandle?

LONDON CITIZEN (London, E.C.).—"Every policeman should carry a revolver." We do not agree. And what is more, the police do not agree. Armed police produce armed criminals.

COUNTRY-SIDE (Letchworth).—"There has been a sad falling off in the sale of eggs lately." Judging from our breakfast table experience, even the eggs aren't what they are cracked up to be.

LANDLADY (Sheringham).—"It is very embarrassing when you discover that seemingly respectable people are not married." But much worse for them, surely?

OLD BRIGADE (Godalming).—"The country appears to forget what we did for them." According to your papers, you did nineteen months cushy service at Borden Camp and never heard a shot fired. Bob down!

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER (Leeds).—"Few people know that the teaching profession is the hardest in the world." Even we did not know that. Try a day at the wash-tub and you'll change your mind.

P. B. (Stratford, E.).—"I had a fire in my house, but as I have not paid the premium for eighteen months the company refuse to pay. Is this right?" There is often a catch in these things, P. B.

SLOP (Harrogate).—"I admit that I am a red-hot Socialist." Hot stuff!

BILLIE (No address).—"The unwanted woman is a myth." You are lisping very badly this morning, Billie.

MOG (Inverness).—"A good course of Sir Walter Scott would do you a world of good." We prefer other anæsthetics.

OLD ENGLISH (Andover).—"My parents came over with William the Conqueror!" Still hale and hearty?

LYDIA (Landudno).—"I am prepared to walk any lady in the kingdom for a hundred pounds." We are busy interviewing the other ladies in the kingdom.

P. H. B. (Southend).—"Where will you stand upon the great Day of Judgment?" Not anywhere near an arrogant blighter like you, we trust.

GREEN MAN (Lincoln).—"I am told you had a reference to me in JOHN BULL" Far from that. We didn't even know you were born.

WORKER (Coventry).—"I have every book on the war that has been published—and, what is more, I have read them all." You hero!

TOM (Land's End).—"We hear a lot about you down ere." And now we've heard a lot about you up here. How small the world is!

HUMANITARIAN (Colchester).—"I protest against the practice of vaccination." We believe we protested too—we don't remember the circumstances very well.

ELSIE (Monmouth).—"I should like to have a few words with Mr. Asquith." Now is your chance—Margot is on a holiday.

FLOSSIE (Hamilton).—"I should like to be a film actress and work in London." There are quite a lot of film actresses in London who would like to work anywhere.

SOUTH AFRICAN (London, W.).—"The Strand was a great disappointment to me." Tut-tut! And we told them to paint it up a bit. You should have given us longer notice.

DICKY DOPE (Durham).—"I have a theory, from intelligence which I have, that Kitchener is still alive." We respect your theory but question your intelligence.

SOLOMON (Weston).—"Can a man be tried twice for murder?" Yes, if they are different murders. He cannot be tried twice for one murder if he is acquitted at the first trial.

SPORT (Poole).—"Is there any way of learning polo without horses?" No, Sport, it is one of the games that you can't learn by taking a correspondence course.

WILLIE SKIDMORE (London, N.W.).—"My daddy told me to ask you how many measles there are in a case." Willie, your daddy is a naughty man. Our Measle Counter is out of order just now.

TOLERATION (Wellington).—"Why do not the Christian churches of Ireland unite to stop bloodshed?" That is not the way of Christian churches. The churches slew more in one reign (Philip of Spain) than three centuries of Roman Emperors killed in the early days of the Christian persecutions.

H. R. S. (Edinburgh).—"So you are glad Scotland has won a 'Bullets' £1,000 at last." Why the "at last"? Scottish competitors have won them before and will continue winning them whenever the "Bullets" sent are good enough. This Competition knows no nationality.

(More replies on pages 26 and 27.)

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL COMMITTED SUICIDE

the other day. Whispered slander caused her to brood, and brooding destroys reason and will. If she had poured out her heart to "Humanist," if she had used him as a safety valve to her pent misery, she would have been alive to-day.

Write to "Humanist"—not about unemployment and lack of money, nor about trivialities. Tell him your secret trouble and he will help you. Mark your letter "Humanist" and he alone will see it and help you.
"Humanist," c/o "John Bull," Long Acre, W.C.2.

The Sketch

No. 872.—Vol. LXVIII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1909. SIXPENCE.

THE CHIRGWIN CHIGNON: A KAFFIR COIFFURE.

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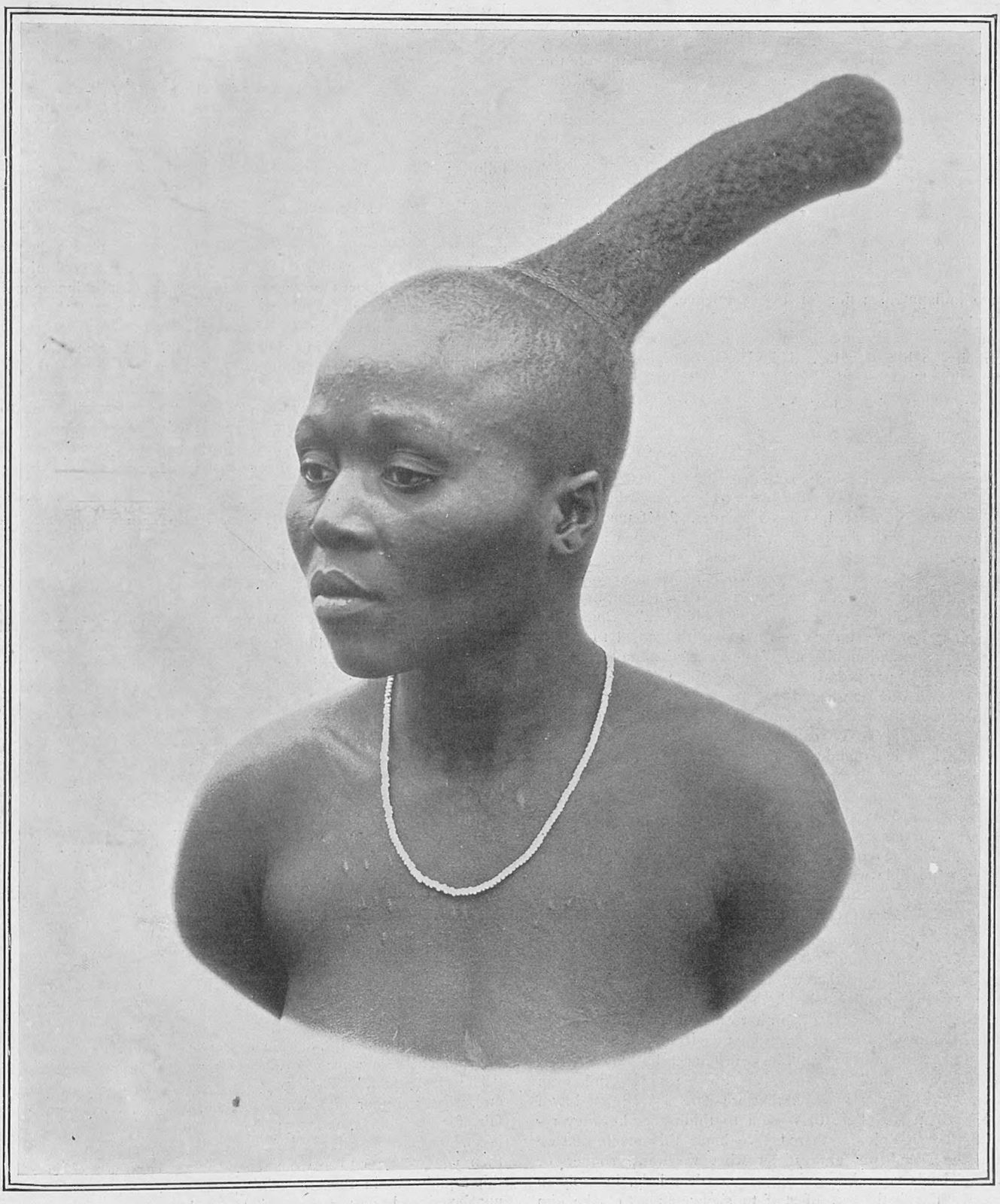

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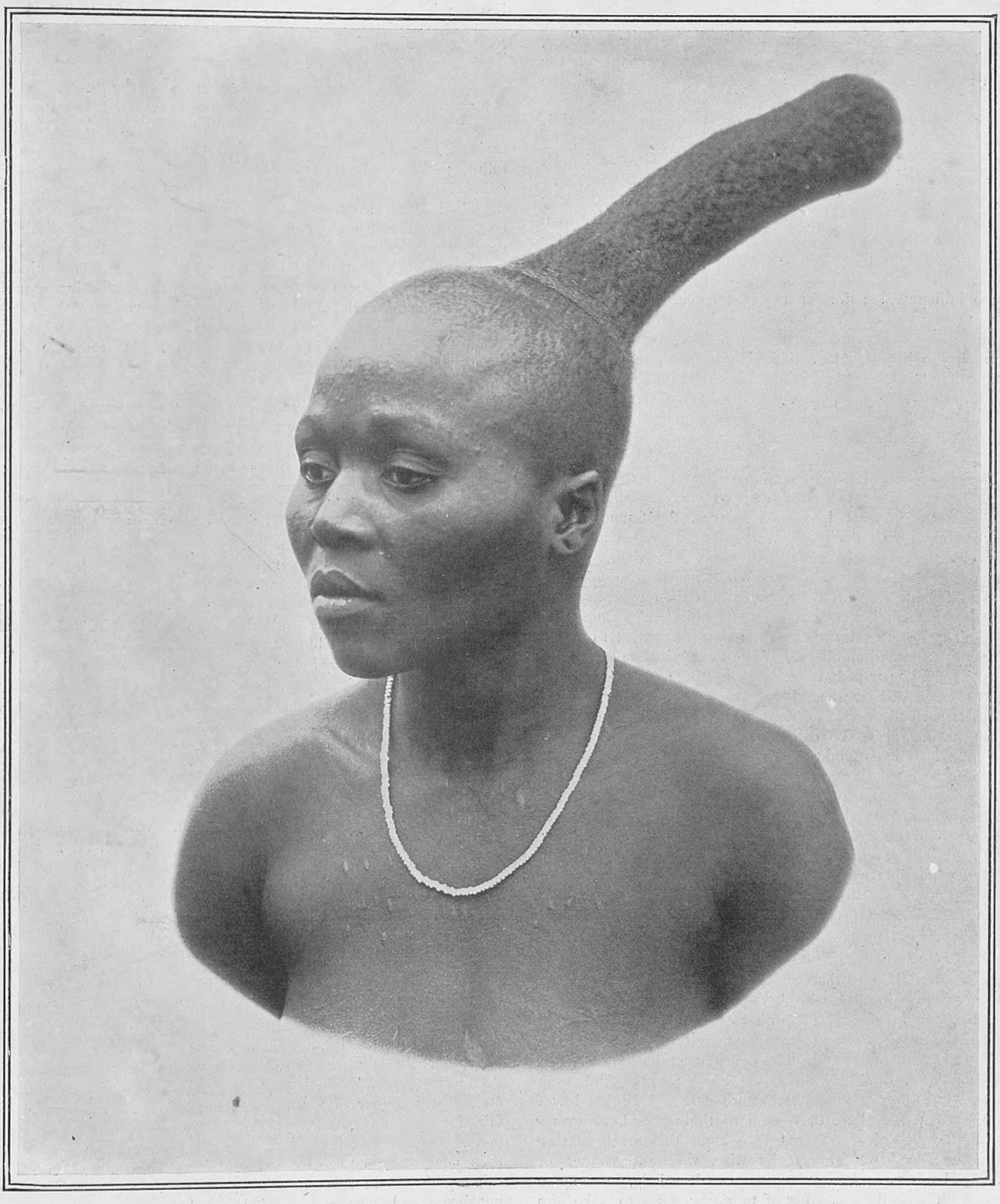

THE CHIRGWIN CHIGNON: A KAFFIR COIFFURE.

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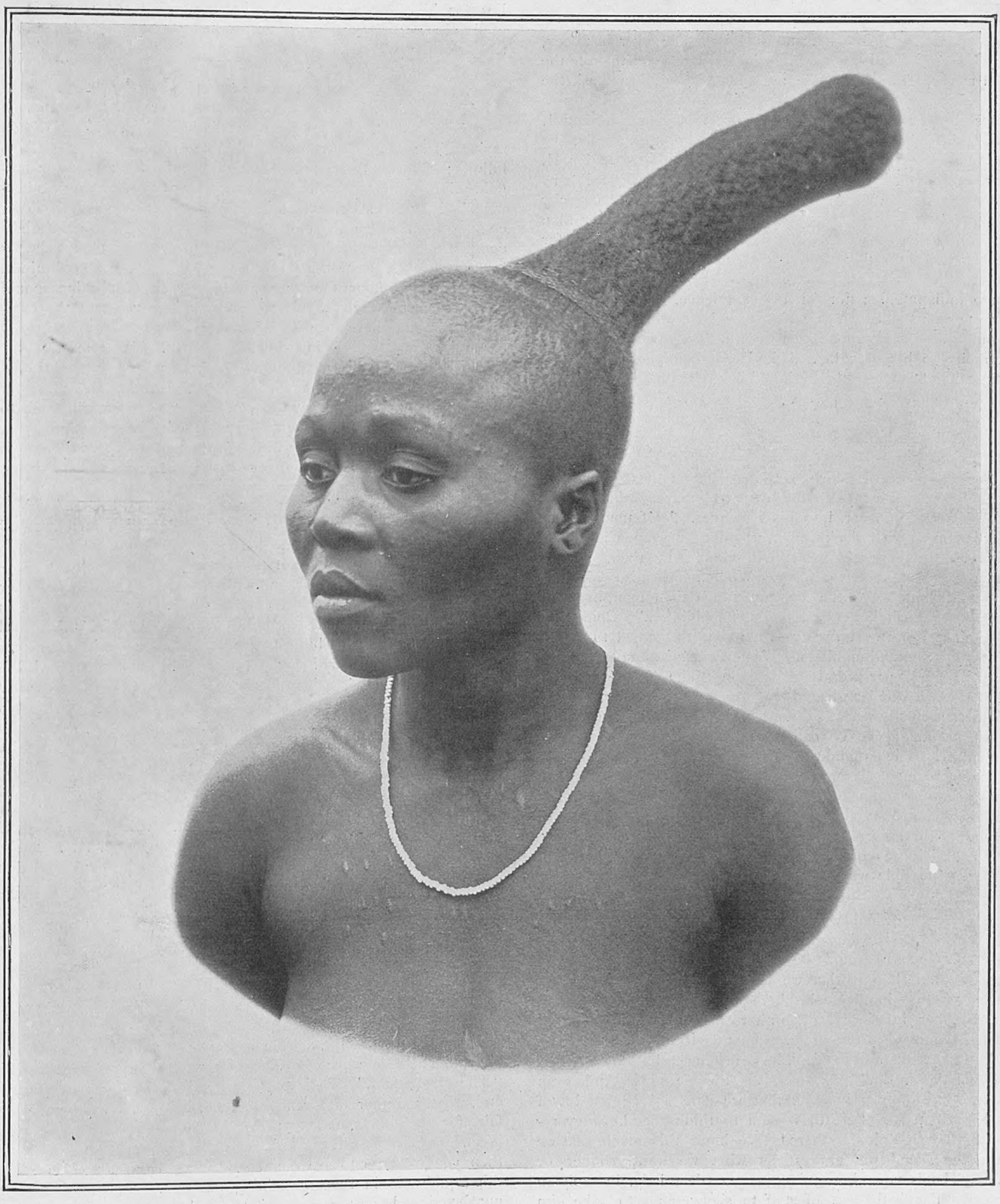

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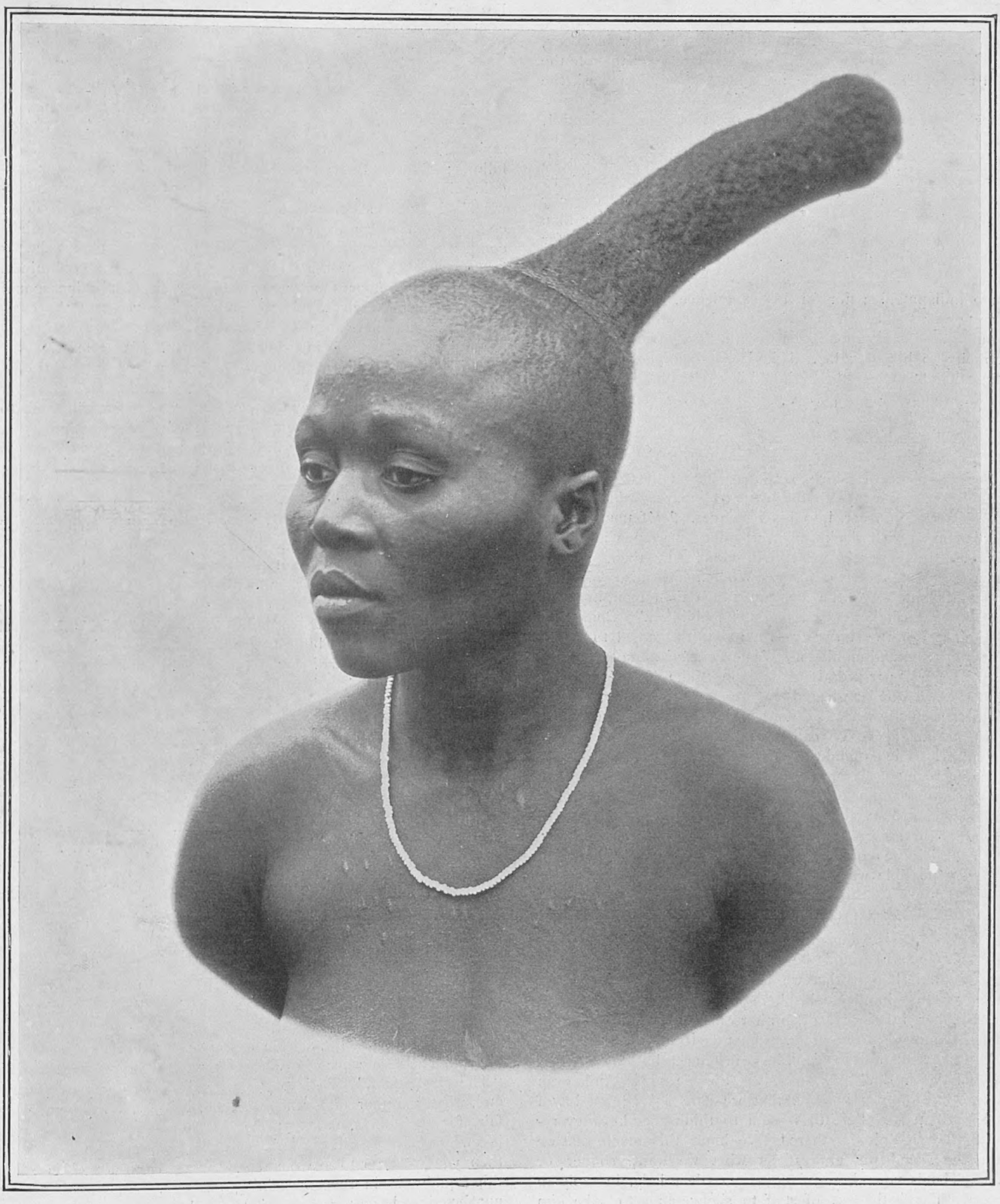

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